W B Smith

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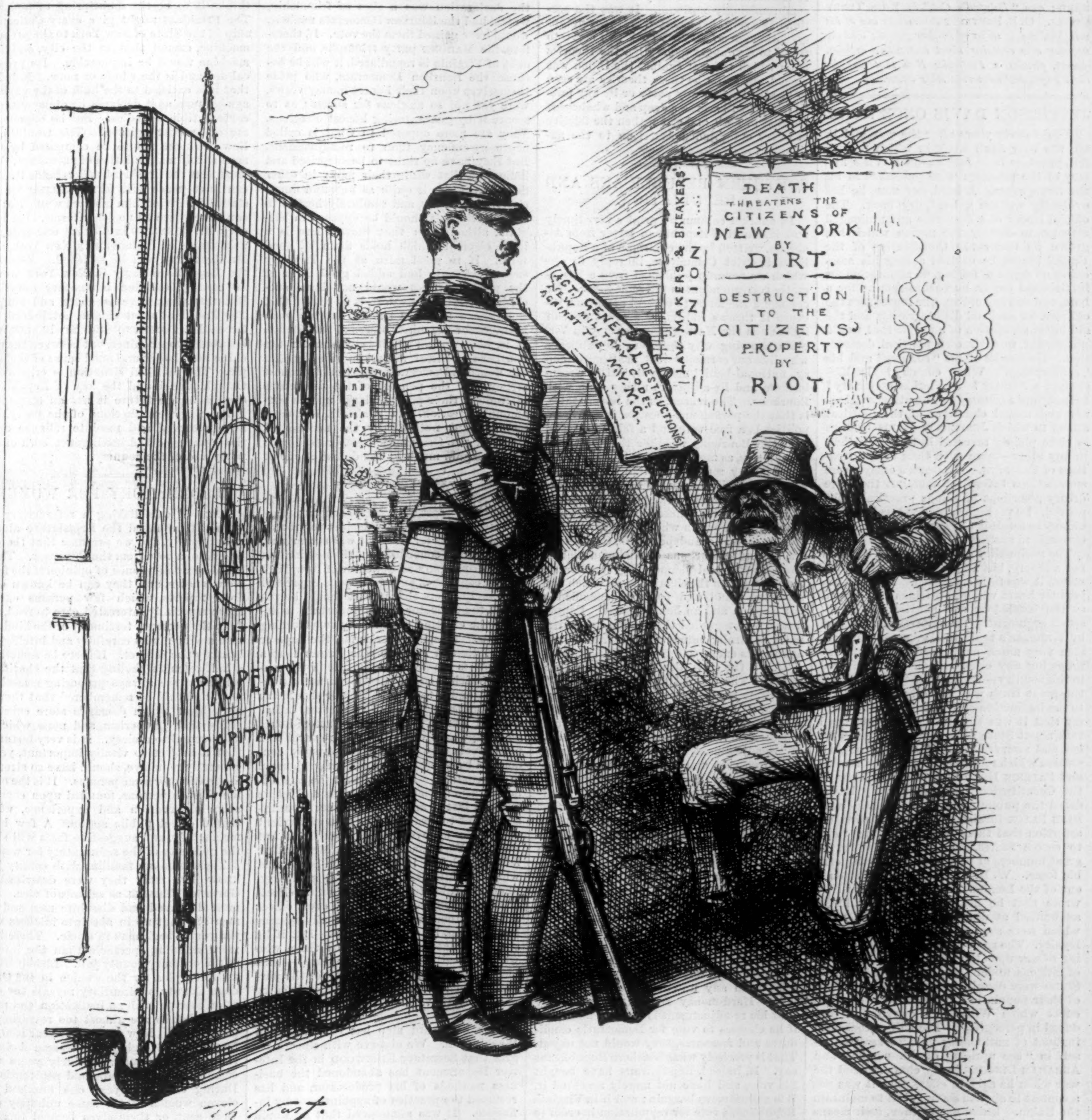

NEW YORK
CITY
PROPERTY
CAPITAL AND LABOR
(ACT.) GENERAL DESTRUCTION(S) NEW MILITARY CODE; AGAINST THE N.Y. N.G. ...
WARE-HOUSE
LAW-MAKERS & BREAKERS' UNION ....
DEATH THREATENS THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK BY DIRT.
DESTRUCTION TO THE CITIZENS' PROPERTY BY RIOT
Th. Nast.
* * * "NOR SHALL ANY STATE DEPRIVE ANY PERSON OF LIFE, LIBERTY, OR PROPERTY ...
U.S. CONSTITUTION

"NEW YORK MUST GO—DOWN."

SCUM. "When this law is passed, you will be so disorganized that you will not be able to muster a corporal's guard against me."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 7, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 78 of Harper's Young People, *issued April 26, opens with a beautiful front-page engraving, by* J. O. Davidson, *illustrating Shad-Fishing on the Hudson, accompanied by a story of "How the Seine Net was Broken." In this number the friends of Toby Tyler, who have followed his varying fortunes so patiently, must bid him farewell, as he reaches his home and Uncle Daniel in safety, and for the present his adventures are at an end. Among the short stories are "The Buzzard's Bald Head," a Southern nursery tale; "The Whirligig House," by* Charles Barnard; *and "Polypod's Cat," by* Rose Terry Cooke. G. B. Bartlett *contributes one of his mirthful magic series of in-door games; and the number also contains short instructive articles, poems, puzzles, a Post-office Box that occupies three pages, and numerous other attractions.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS ONCE MORE.

JUST twenty years after the war, and in the very April week in which Sumter fell, passages from Jefferson Davis's history of the rebellion were published in all the newspapers. A hard, dry man, he has evidently written a hard, dry book. The official leader of a desperate and prolonged attempt to destroy the nation which has grown up under the Constitution of the United States, he excited among his associates no depth of feeling, no admiration for intellectual power, no enthusiasm as for a hero, and now, an old man, he reproduces the old plea for national disintegration, and the old bitter accusation of a people that would not assent to their own political destruction. He speaks of his "country" and his "countrymen." What country? Is Mississippi a country? Is Florida a country? Is Delaware a country? The utterly visionary and unreal character of the political school to which Jefferson Davis belongs is more plainly revealed in this book than in any other—more even than in the treatises of Calhoun. Calhoun's essays were speculations before the fact, but these are dreary assertions of things practically disproved. Davis argues against accomplished history as sensibly as Jasper withstands the Copernican system.

The nationality of the American Union is not a theory, but a fact. It was a fact long before it was fully suspected. It was in the popular heart while politicians still played at the battledoor and shuttlecock of abstract argument. The impression produced by Webster's reply to Hayne—an impression very much more profound than that following any other speech ever delivered in this country—was not due to the fact that the great truth was worthily set forth, but to the instinctive consciousness of the country that it was the truth. The prolonged talk about State sovereignty, limited powers, and reserved rights, following the generation which remembered George Clinton and Patrick Henry and State jealousy of the Constitution, had undoubtedly bewildered the public mind, so that when Jeremiah Black furnished Buchanan with the assertion that there was no national right to coerce States, the sophistry seemed to great numbers of people to have indisputable force. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times* twenty years ago, wrote that he heard this doctrine freely announced at dinner tables in New York, which were soon of the sturdiest national loyalty. The assault upon Sumter, the opening of war upon the United States by a body of citizens under the plea that the United States were dissoluble at the will of a squad of their population, produced in action the effect which Webster's speech had produced in perception. The half-unconscious instinct of nationality at once asserted itself in "the uprising of the people," and Abraham Lincoln justly characterized the war when he said, in effect, that it was not a contest to abolish slavery, but to maintain the Union. Union meant then, as it means now, nationality. That the object of the attempt to destroy the nation was to perpetuate human slavery made the endeavor more revolting, but had there been no slavery, the effort to shatter the national Union would have been as instinctively and strenuously resisted.

Davis's book, in its speculative part, is an argument that there was and is no nation; that there is only a league of independent sovereign powers; that resistance to national disintegration was wicked; and that those who did not submit to the conspiracy of which he was the chief were guilty of all the bloodshed and sorrow which the conspiracy produced. It is the dull reopening of a case forever closed by a supreme and final tribunal. But the settlement does not involve what ex-Governor Seymour apprehends, the annihilation of State distinctions and of "local self-government." There is no part of the country in which State pride and peculiarities are so strong as in the oldest part, New England, and there is certainly no part of the country more unswervingly loyal. New England is the region of the town-meeting. There has never been in any Southern State such local self-government as in New England. But nowhere is the sentiment of nationality stronger, and nowhere were patriotic enthusiasm and devotion more splendidly conspicuous. The supposition that a profound national feeling is incompatible with that wise dispersion of political power which is the fundamental security of liberty is disproved in every way by our own experience. It is the section of liberty which was uncompromisingly national. It was the section of slavery that asserted State sovereignty. Jefferson Davis's book will serve to recall to a younger generation the theories upon which the war against the Union was waged, and so far as those theories are seen to be still held by any party or by any public man, it will arouse a deep and wholesome distrust of both, and strengthen the fidelity of every enlightened American to the national Union.

SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS AND REPUDIATION.

IN another column we print a very timely and instructive Republican letter from Alabama, written by the chairman of a Republican District Committee, in reply to one which we recently published from a Democratic correspondent in the same State. We commend the letter to careful attention, because it throws indirectly a great deal of light upon the Mahone controversy in Virginia, showing why Southern Republicans who, like our correspondent, are "hard-money, national-bank" men, vote with Greenbackers and Re-adjusters rather than with Bourbons. The reason, as the letter states, is that the paramount question in Southern politics is a free vote and a fair count, and that the Bourbons, whether they are anti-repudiators, as many in Virginia are, or rank paper-money repudiators, like many in Alabama, are still the party of fraud at the polls. Exceptions to the rule there doubtless are. But it is those who are known as Bourbon Democrats who suppress the colored vote. The Independents, Greenbackers, and anti-Bourbons of Alabama met at Montgomery, and denouncing Democratic tampering with the election laws, which had produced fraud and perjury, demanded a fair election and an honest count. Republicans, who regarded that as the most vital issue, naturally voted with its friends, and against its enemies.

This is the clew, also, to the Virginia situation. The colored Republican voters in that State are doubtless very poor and very ignorant. But, as we said when Mr. Mahone was elected, he captured the colored vote, not because it knows anything of finance or of "re-adjustment," but because he declared for a free vote and a fair count, and, so far as has appeared, he has kept his word. Mr. Mahone's personal character is not pertinent to the discussion. In Mr. Hill's first violent speech he assumed that Mr. Mahone was a Democrat who was elected by Democrats, and who was morally bound to vote with Democrats. Mr. Hill knew Mr. Mahone then as well as he knows him now. He knew that he was a repudiator, and if he was a man of bad repute, he knew that also. But, repudiator as he was, Mr. Hill evidently did not think that his repudiating heresies disqualified him as a Democrat. Democratic denunciation of Mr. Mahone as a repudiator, therefore, evidently does not arise from any unwillingness to have his vote. Hard-money Democrats would say that his re-adjustment is his own affair, but if he chooses to vote for Democratic candidates and measures, they would not object. That is precisely what Southern Republicans say. If, indeed, Republicans have bought his vote, and have not merely accepted it, it is an infamous bargain; and if in Virginia Republicans vote for repudiation in order to secure a free vote and a fair count, they play a desperate game, because those who would cheat creditors would not hesitate to cheat allies. So far, however, as Mr. Mahone is supported in Virginia by intelligent Republicans, it is in spite of his repudiation, and in order to break down Bourbonism, which is regarded as a greater evil. It is alleged that his cry of a free vote and a fair count is insincere, that he has heretofore done as much cheating at the polls as any man in Virginia, and that he did not declare for honest elections until his prospects as a Democratic politician were ruined. If this be true, he is an unprincipled politician, but it is certainly not strange that the colored voter prefers the unprincipled politician who is on his side to the same kind of politician on the other side. Let the reader mark the Democratic resolutions in Alabama quoted by our correspondent, and he will see that to be a Democrat, at least in that State, is to be also a wholesale Greenbacker. To secure his great end of a fair election in an overwhelmingly Democratic State, the Republican, white or colored, will generally take the course which our correspondent has taken.

So in Virginia, if Mr. Mahone be the worthless character that his Democratic opponents declare him to be, do they not see that he has acquired his ascendency because of their own conduct? Why did not they long ago win the colored vote by a wise and friendly policy? Mr. Mahone has captured it, not by his repudiation, but by his manifesto for a fair vote. Granting that elections are tolerably fair in Virginia, the declaration was a sign of friendship, which, had the Bourbon Democrats made it, would have gained them the vote. If, therefore, the Mahone party triumphs, and the debt of Virginia is repudiated, it will be because the Bourbon Democrats, who pride themselves upon their honest-money views, were yet not so anxious for success as to secure it by guaranteeing honest elections. They are more opposed to what is called negro ascendency than to re-adjustment. But they have no right to be surprised and indignant that while their party in other Southern States is quite as unsound financially as Mahone, and resolutely hostile to free elections, it should be opposed in Virginia, although in that State there is a large element which holds financial good faith. If to good faith at the Treasury such Democrats had added good faith at the polls, Mahone would not have succeeded. All this, however, is no reason that Republican Senators should bargain with Mahone for the minor offices of the Senate. It is, however, an obvious reason for the Southern political situation. In Virginia the Bourbon Democrats, who hold to honest money, pay the penalty of the dangerous attitude of their party at large upon a paramount question. In Alabama, if honest money gains nothing by the success of either of two Greenback Democrats, honest elections gain much by the defeat of one of them.

NO STEPS BACKWARD.

WHENEVER the Senate decides to proceed to the business for which it was summoned, it is generally conceded that the nomination of Mr. Robertson as Collector of New York will be confirmed, and the hope is expressed in some quarters that if that should be the result, the Collector would undertake to destroy the existing machine by constructing another. This, however, is not the hope or expectation of any one who knows that a machine is a public enemy. It is the machine which should be destroyed, not the engineer; and if the new Collector should try to restore the *régime* of the Collectors before General Merritt, and regard Custom-house patronage as a vast system of rewards and punishments, he would be rigorously condemned by every really independent journal in the country. It is said that the late Administration "tied up its friends and let its enemies loose," and that Collector Robertson ought to clear out the nest of virulent opponents of everything Republican but the New York machine, which Mr. Arthur left behind him in the Custom-house, and which Mr. Merritt has not felt at liberty, under the rules, to disturb. Should Collector Robertson promptly dismiss every officer in the Custom-house who politically misuses his position, he would do well. But if he should replace such officers by those who would equally misuse their places—still more, if the changes were made for the purpose of such misuse—he would merely carry us back again to the Murphy-Arthur situation.

This backward step has been taken in Washington. We observe with sincere regret that Secretary Kirkwood in the Interior Department has abandoned the business methods of his predecessor, and has resumed the practice of appointment by influence. It was announced that he would receive and consider all applications, and that he would appoint the most promising—that is, the most strongly "backed"—applicants for a certain term, and if they proved not to be capable, he would then discharge them, and they would have earned money enough to pay their way home! How far this comically paternal scheme has been carried out we do not know, but if Secretary Kirkwood really puts it in practice, he will not be able to attend to his official duties. He has simply to choose between neglect of his duty and a reasonable method of appointment. His predecessor Secretary Cox discovered that, and said so plainly. If the Secretary tries to lighten his troubles by inviting members of Congress to make executive appointments, he oversteps the original and vital dividing line between the executive and legislative departments. The scheme, although such would not be the Secretary's intention, would be a mere process of bargain and sale.

The obstruction and delay of public business in the Senate, now so long continued, have given the President an opportunity to scan the situation with some deliberation. We trust that if he has been under any hallucination of preserving harmony in the party, and especially in New York, by means of patronage, it is now dispelled. There are two reasons why such an expectation is futile: one is, that one of the divisions of the party cares nothing whatever for patronage except to reduce it to the lowest terms; the other is that the most ingenious distribution of patronage would not satisfy or harmonize even the part of the party which thinks it to be the mainspring of politics. The President might give every Collectorship in the State of New York to the present machine, except that in the city, and the machine would be implacable. Its practical demand is the whole or none. It holds that it is entitled to the bulk of the patronage because, as it declares, its opponents are contemptible nobodies. But its opponents are of another opinion. The troubles in New York are not to be composed by the most adroit manipulation of patronage. We trust that the President understands it. He can have peace with Mr. Conkling, for instance, by giving him his own way. But he can have peace on no other terms. Let him obey Mr. Conkling in all that concerns appointments and removals in New York, and Mr. Conkling will be satisfied. Whether the Republican party in New York would be equally satisfied is another question. But the alternative is sharp and simple. The President must choose, not, indeed, between Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine, not between two machines, but between the machine and the general good sense of the people. The political situation is critical although placid, and the key of Republican success in the future is not an attempted balance between factions of the party, but an unreserved and resolute reliance upon the conscience and intelligence both of the party and of the country.

REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN.

THE bill establishing a reformatory for women has passed the Legislature almost unanimously, and we presume that there is no fear of a veto from the Governor. There could be no difference of opinion if the facts were known, and they can be known only from reports, which few persons except those especially interested care to read, and from the personal testimony of the kind women and men who carefully and intelligently study the subject. If there be sometimes a half-resentful feeling that the charitable reformers are always proposing something new, it should be remembered that there is no subject which demands more constant study than pauperism, and none which is more useful to society. It is very fortunate that a subject so vitally important, yet so generally repulsive, should have so strong a fascination for some persons. It is the opinion of such persons, founded upon comparative observation and experience, which should direct public action. A few hard, melancholy, and suggestive facts will show the necessity of the reformatory for women.

Those who are familiar with county jails know how truly they were described by Governor Cornell as schools of vice. The most depraved and dissolute men and women are shut up in absolute idleness with the young beginners in crime. There is no more startling spectacle than the interior of the ordinary county jail. Bishop Huntington's plea for the women in the Onondaga County penitentiary reveals the situation even in such an institution, and many of the details are almost too revolting for publication. Now during the year 1880 two hundred and eighty-five women between the ages of fifteen and thirty years were committed to such jails and penitentiaries. During the same year one hundred and eleven women of the same unhappy class were sent, or themselves begged to go, to the county poor-houses. Sixty-three of them went to the poor-houses to become the mothers of illegitimate children, twenty-one had such children already, and twenty-seven were notoriously dissolute. The glimpses of the situation in the poor-houses are painful. One girl, for instance, seventeen years old, was sent to a public institution, where criminal intimacy with her was proved against the son of the keeper, the assistant keeper, and some of the inmates. The keeper knew the facts, and did nothing. The girl escaped with one of the inmates, and finally returned to give birth to a child. In a Queens County poor-house there is a woman of twenty-four, who was born in the house, who can not read or write, but who is intelligent and quick with her needle. She has two children by semi-idiotic inmates of the almshouse. Another woman, mentally deficient, in the same county, has four illegitimate children, one of them colored. In the Fulton County poor-house there are four generations of paupers in one family. In the Orange County poor-house a girl of eighteen is the mother of three illegitimate children. It is useless to extend the list, for it is the same sorry story everywhere of self-perpetuating pauperism and crime.

Such facts are eloquently persuasive. It is not surprising that the Legislature did not hesitate to pass the bill which provides the only efficient remedy for this terrible evil, namely, absolute separation of the sexes. Mr. Brooks, of Richmond County, has honorably distinguished himself by his efforts to secure this necessary provision, as by his intelligent energy in all charitable legislation. It is very fortunate for all such public interests that so able and experienced a public man as Mr. Brooks has made an especial study of charitable and penal affairs, for the progress that has been made in wise State action upon the subject is largely due to his disinterested and enlightened persistence.

THE ENGLISH DRINK BILL.

The amount of money paid for drink—that is, for beer, wines, and spirits—in England last year was more than $600,000,000, and this was nearly $30,000,000 less than the year before. Twenty years ago the sum was about $345,000,000, and in 1876 it reached the enormous total of $736,000,000. It is very evident from these figures why the publican interest is so powerful in English politics. For the three kingdoms the annual drink bill is more than $15 a head for every man, woman, and child, and more than $75 for each family. The entire revenue of the Church of England, if it were sold to-morrow down to church furniture and parish vestments, would not pay last year's "moderate" drink bill.

Mr. Hoyle, the Englishman who makes this statement of details of money spent for drink in England, adds some interesting figures for Ireland. The rental of agricultural land in Ireland he computes at $57,591,960; but as Ireland, in the average of ten years ending in 1879, spent $69,115,510, she spent $11,523,550 more for drink than rent. Father Mathew seems to be as much needed as Mr. Parnell. Yet the London *Times* agrees that Ireland does not spend more, but considerably less, than her share, and that, compared with the English and the Scotch, the Irish may be called a remarkably temperate people.

More than half of the whole drink bill is for beer, of which 905,088,973 gallons were consumed last year, and Mr. Hoyle hopes that the figures themselves will serve to show that the reduction of the drink burden is one of the most pressing of questions, and that in Ireland its abolition is even more important than the reduction of rent. The *Times* says that it is very common in English families for the drink bill to be $250 out of a total expenditure of $2500. The temperance cause could have no more powerful appeal than such statistics.

DISRAELI.

The extraordinary career of Lord Beaconsfield closed a few days after we had spoken of it. The singular glamour which surrounded him in his later years, and the violent feeling for and against him, will long prevent any fair estimate of his place in English history. One question, however, will constantly press for an answer. Is the kind of admiration which such a career has excited in England a credit to the country? Can any great progressive measure be mentioned which was due to Lord Beaconsfield, or have his example and influence tended to elevate English character?

Of great ability, and of an indomitable resolution, from which even the most characteristic element of the British temperament, its tenacity, might have gathered greater force, there is no question. Disraeli could not be put down. A picturesque individuality, wholly unique in English experience, and a romantic impression of unexpected resource in reserve, are equally undeniable. But, after all, was not his political talent of the same kind as his literary talent? Was he a greater statesman than he was novelist? The London *Spectator* says that the capture of British Toryism by the author of *Tancred* was almost as remarkable as the defeat of the Anglo-Saxons by the Normans. The remark recalls what an English Tory said thirty years ago—"A Jewish novelist will never be Prime Minister of England."

Disraeli was infinitely adroit. He had a quick sense of superficial popular feeling, and being unencumbered with convictions, he could double upon himself, snatch the policy of his opponents from their grasp, and wear other people's clothes, as it were, with perfect *sang froid*. The only measure of real importance that he carried was the extension of the suffrage. But it was a trick, not a conviction. The performances of his Premiership, the purchase of the Suez stock, the Russian, Afghan, and South African wars, the Treaty of Berlin, the secret Cyprus treaty, the transport of Sepoys to Europe—all this was mainly an unsubstantial pageant. But no figure in England was more conspicuous, and by his death a great party loses its Murat. With Disraeli a singular fascination passes from English politics, a piquant curiosity ends, and with it the vivid and suggestive contrast between the powerful, all-accomplished, earnest statesman, one of the few greatest English ministers, who embodies and represents the England of the Commonwealth and the Revolution, and the clever, capable, indomitable leader who assumed an Englishism beyond England, played a prodigious part, and leaves a glittering but not a great name.

LATEST FROM THE MOON.

Professor Proctor's last lecture before sailing for Europe was upon the moon, and it was very interesting. The moon does not revolve around the earth, he said, but the two circle about each other, and the real centre of the revolution of each is the sun. If there were a railway sufficiently "elevated" to reach the moon, which is 238,818 miles distant from us, we should be fifteen months making the journey at ordinary railroad speed. Upon arriving, we should observe several interesting phenomena. First, it is a very respectable luminary of a diameter of 2081 miles, with a surface of 14,000,000 square miles, a volume one-forty-ninth of that of the earth, and a mass one-eighty-first of it.

Then, the force of gravity being one-sixth of that of the earth, we could be thirty-six feet high, and still quite as active as we are here. But our longer bodies would have a longer day in which to disport themselves, for there is a lapse of twenty-nine and one-half of our days between the lunar sunrise and sunset. Our extremities, however, would certainly suffer after sunset, for the surface of the moon is 250° below zero at midnight, and the reaction toward noon would try even our prolonged proportions, for at noon the surface would be 38° above the boiling-point. We should be very lonely, probably, for there is no living creature there now.

Still, as Professor Proctor had said that all planets pass through five stages, the last of which is death—a stage which the moon has reached—the apprehensive mind naturally inquires how soon the earth will probably reach it. The professor answers, re-assuringly, that the earth is now about 500,000,000 years old, and that it took the moon 80,000,000 to reach its present state. He therefore concludes that it will take the earth 500,000,000 years more to reach the same condition. There is thus no immediate cause for apprehension.

HEROES OF THE COAST.

The United States Life-saving Establishment is a humane and efficient branch of the public service, whose duties are discharged amid great peril, but which is a new blessing of advanced civilization. It is not only the lights that line the shore, and warn the mariner of shoals and rocks, which now aid him upon his voyage, but there is the moral consciousness of the invisible succor awaiting him in the peril of shipwreck. The life-saving stations stretch along the coast and around the lakes, and their record of the year is one of the most interesting of public documents.

During the year there were 179 stations in all, of which 139 were on the Atlantic coast, 34 on the lakes, and 6 on the Pacific. Within the range of the service there have been 300 disasters to vessels during the year, of which vessels 67 were totally lost; 1989 persons were on board, and 1980 were saved, 9 persons only being lost. At the stations 1202 days' relief was furnished to 449 shipwrecked persons. The estimated value of the vessels wrecked was $2,616,340, and that of their cargoes, $1,195,368, making a total value of property imperilled $3,811,708. Of this sum, $2,619,807 was saved, and $1,191,901 lost. By the surf-boat 390 persons were landed; 23 by the life-boats; 67 by the small boats; 65 by the life-car; 109 by the breeches-buoy. Others were aided by the surf-men in other ways; and in 128 instances vessels were hove off when stranded, and piloted out of dangerous places, or repaired when damaged.

The report gives detailed accounts of the splendid heroism of the surf-men, and it makes a very strong and sober plea for the selection of agents for professional qualifications, and not for considerations of party or creed. It says forcibly and truly that the moment the principle of a political qualification is admitted, the selection, even from the party, is fatally influenced, because a purpose foreign to efficient service is introduced, namely, political reward or "recognition." This is proved by experience, the report for 1877 having shown that several stations fell into most incompetent hands through the action of local politicians. The report therefore urges that the service have the protection of law against such a danger, by requiring officers and crews to be appointed and employed without reference to political or party associations. This is a most unexpected proof of the universality of the poison of patronage, and of the general conviction of experience that it is inconsistent with efficient service.

EATING HAM IN PEACE.

The recent alarm in the pork market produced by Acting British Consul Crump's report of "hog cholera," which had destroyed 700,000 head in Illinois, has led to the publication of some interesting facts by the American Agricultural Association. The report of Mr. Crump roused in France and England a vague terror of trichinosis. The pork trade was threatened with a catastrophe, and almost the first official act of Secretary Blaine was the pacification of Johnny Crapaud and John Bull. "It is proved to be a misapprehension," said the Secretary: "you can eat your ham in peace."

Hog cholera, whether there be much or little of it, is not trichinosis. It mainly affects the young pig, and the Agricultural Association thinks the government might well spend a few thousands of dollars to discover a cure for it. We should think, on the contrary, that the farmers and the pork packers, who are immediately interested, could more wisely spend the few thousands needed for the purpose. If the government is to lend a hand to the pork interest, it can not refuse it to any other.

According to the Association, we may all, with our foreign cousins, eat our ham in peace. Trichinosis, it says, is a disease of more limited extent than any disease known to man. It is believed never to injure the hog, and it can never affect the human system except through the insufficiently cooked meat in which the disease might chance to lurk. Swine or lard butter, however great a fraud, is not dangerous to health from trichinosis, because lard can be rendered only at a temperature that kills animalcules. Anti-Huff cheese, against which Mr. Crump justly protests, is made of skim-milk in which lard replaces the cream. But of this imposture there are but two small factories. Upon the whole, the assurances of the Agricultural Association are very gratifying. It is dismal to the man of normal appetite, as he seats himself at table and arranges his napkin, to be haunted by the suspicion that his butter is oleomargarine, that his cheese is lard, and that his ham is mere trichinosis. To dispel his fears and horrible suspicions is to do a public service.

PERSONAL.

Minister Lowell good-humoredly joked the dons of Cambridge, England, a few weeks ago anent the young American scholar Dr. Waldstein, who is now lecturing in that ancient university on Greek art to crowded audiences of eager young Cantabs. The poet-ambassador expressed his satisfaction that among all the dead-meat importations into England from America there was a living lecturer on Greek art at Cambridge. But Oxford may fairly claim to have anticipated her rival in recognition of American scholarship by adopting and republishing a year ago, at her famous Clarendon Press, *Harper's Latin Lexicon*, an enduring monument to the laborious research and critical scholarship of Professor Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., and Professor Short, of Columbia. Scarcely less gratifying to cultured Americans was Friedländer's cordial commendation last year to German students of Gildersleeve's edition of *Persius* (Harper & Brothers). But perhaps the most genuine surprise to English and Continental scholars has been the *American Journal of Philology*, edited by Professor Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University. From the first number it at once challenged the attention of European scholars. Several of the most widely known of these scholars are now contributors to the pages of the journal; and if philologists are human, it must be very pleasant to Professor Gildersleeve and his colleagues to read all the handsome things which are said of them by their brother craftsmen abroad. In a recent number of the *Revue Critique* (14th March) the distinguished philologist Michel Bréal thus cordially greets his transatlantic rival: "S'il continue comme il a commencé ce recueil comptera désormais parmi les organes autorisés de la philologie et de la linguistique. Nous en saluons les débuts avec sympathie, et nous voyons dans l'apparition de ce journal quelque chose de plus qu'un événement scientifique: il est pour nous une nouvelle preuve que la nation américaine ne veut rester étrangère à aucune partie de la culture européenne, pas même à celles dont les vieilles races de notre continent s'attribuaient volontiers le privilége." Praise from Michel Bréal is praise from "Sir Hubert," and we sincerely congratulate Professor Gildersleeve and his able staff on having their labors thus promptly "crowned" by one of the greatest of living philologists.

—Mr. Whitelaw Reid, having been asked whether it was true, as telegraphed from the West, that he was about to retire permanently from the editorship of the *Tribune*, to be succeeded by Colonel John Hay, replied that it was entirely untrue, as was also the story that he was going to take or was seeking the mission to Berlin, which he declined two years ago. He had requested his old associate Colonel Hay, as a personal favor to him, to edit the *Tribune* during his absence for the summer in Europe, and Colonel Hay had reluctantly consented, stipulating, however, that he should not be asked, under any circumstances, to remain longer than six months.

—Thomas Sims, who, when a slave, escaped from Savannah to Boston, and whose case as a fugitive slave created great excitement in the latter city thirty years ago, was afterward sold in Mississippi. Ten years afterward he escaped with his wife in a dug-out canoe, and sought Grant's army at Vicksburg. He was given a place in the Attorney-General's office in Washington by Judge Devens, and is still there.

—Colonel Roberts, the inventor of the nitroglycerine torpedo named after him, who died in Western Pennsylvania recently, left an estate valued at about $2,000,000, to be divided among his nephews and nieces, to the exclusion of his own children, whose mother had sued for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. All the personal estate was devised to Owen M. Roberts, a nephew. The colonel had been urged by his brother and legal adviser to modify his will, and had expressed an intention to do so, but the consummation was prevented by his death. Here was a chance for some costly litigation, and it would have been improved had not the dictates of common-sense prevailed. The parties interested got together, and, in view of Colonel Roberts's declarations previous to his death, made an equitable division of the estate among themselves. It was a decidedly wise conclusion. But what a sad thing for the lawyers!

—The will of the widow of the late Theodore Parker, who died lately, has been filed. She bequeaths those of the books of the great preacher which she retained after his death to the Public Library of Boston, where the bulk of his library now is, having been left by him to that institution. His study desk and table are also to be deposited in the Public Library, with the marble bust of him made by Story. All the manuscript sermons and lectures bequeathed to her by Mr. Parker she bequeaths to Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, one of the literary executors of Mr. Parker, together with all copyrights, extensions of copyrights, note-books, letters, journals, and the literary property generally of her husband in her possession, to do with as he sees fit.

—Alexander III. has promoted to a captaincy the young lieutenant who wrapped his own mantle around the wounded Czar just after the explosion. It was in this mantle that the murdered man was taken to the Winter Palace. "I have brought you a new cloak," said the young Czar to the soldier; "I shall keep the other." He has also given the youth a present of 1200 rubles.

—Many interesting anecdotes about the late Lord Beaconsfield are published in the London papers. He occupied himself during a part of his illness with correcting his last speech, delivered in the House of Lords on the vote of condolence on the occasion of the Czar's assassination. "I will not go down to posterity," said he, "talking bad grammar." The *Times* relates one or two other sayings of the distinguished lord during his last illness, one of which corrects a popular misapprehension. Lord Barrington asked him one day where he was born. "I was born in the Adelphi," he replied, "and I may say in a library. My father was not rich when he married. He took a suite of apartments in the Adelphi, and, as he possessed a large collection of books, all the rooms were covered with them, including that in which I was born." Another remark of his was the following characteristic one: "I had rather live, but I am not afraid of death. I have suffered so much that, were I a Nihilist, I should confess everything." This was a humorous allusion to the mistaken but prevalent idea that the Nihilists were subjected to torture after arrest.

—An amusing anecdote is told in *Le Temps* of the painter J. F. Millet, who was of opinion that pictures should be made for the masses, and that the general public was as good a judge of such things as a company of the *élite*. One day at Barbizon he was descanting on his favorite theory to a friend. The artist's rustic idyl "Ruth and Boaz" was on the easel before them. The door opens, and a tall, handsome country fellow comes in. At a glance he sees the picture—Ruth, with the sheaves of corn under her arm, escorted by Boaz. He begins to laugh. "What are you laughing about?" asks Millet. "Monsieur Millet, your picture." "My picture! what is the matter with it?" "It is so funny! You have hit it so well!" "What?" "Why, you have so well represented *ce garde-champêtre* arresting that girl because she has been stealing a bunch of garlic." Mr. Millet slightly changed his opinion.

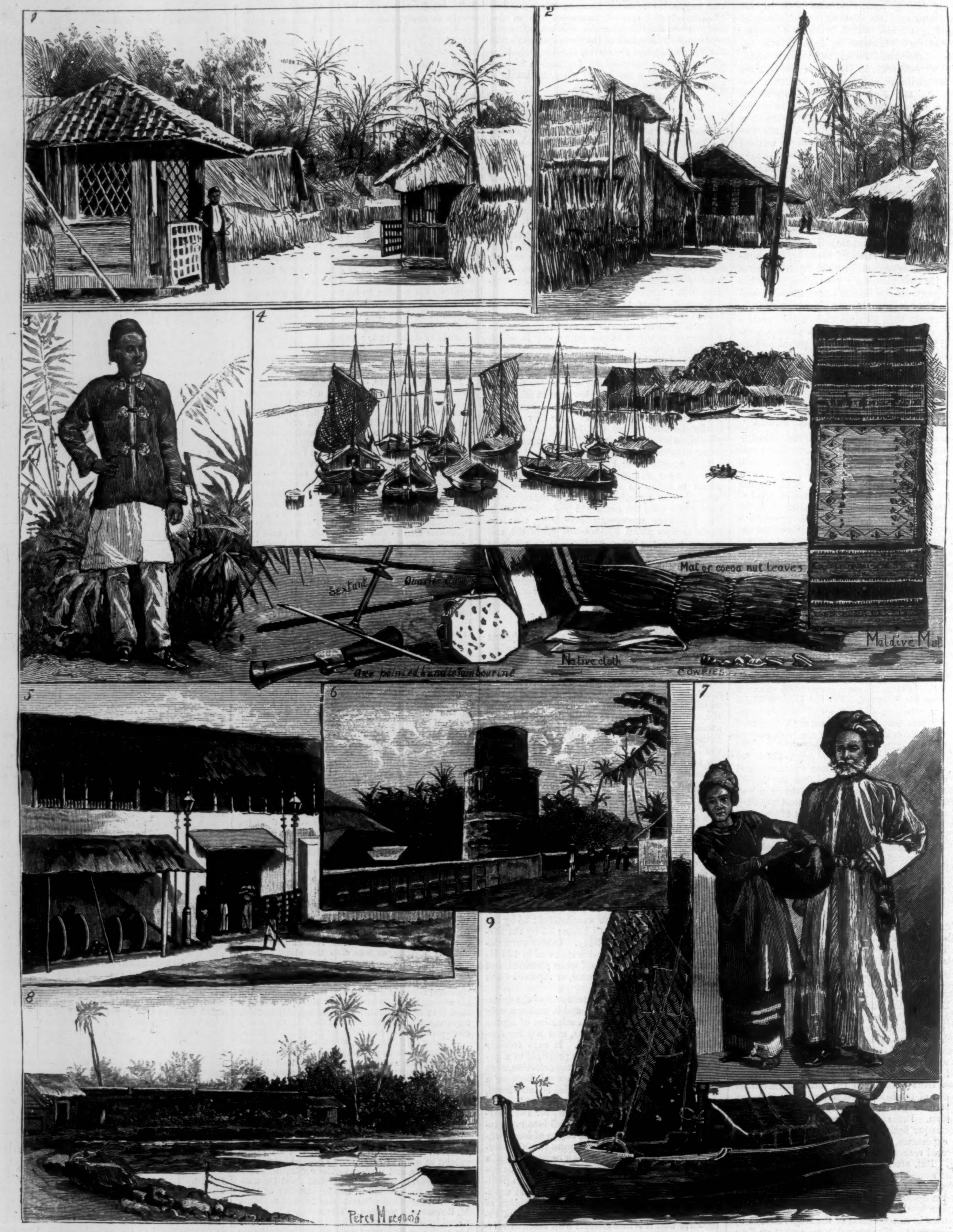
—A tree was planted the other day at Haddington on the site of the house in which John Knox was born. The origin of this tribute to the memory of the reformer was a suggestion of Thomas Carlyle to Colonel Davidson, and the tree is to be inclosed with a railing, on which an inscription will be placed, Mrs. Carlyle having contributed the money required for this purpose.

—According to a Vienna telegram, the Emperors of Austria, Germany, and Russia will probably meet at Ems or some other German watering-place during the approaching summer. The date of the meeting will be fixed after the arrival at Vienna of Count Schouvaloff, who has been selected as the bearer of the Czar's autograph letter announcing his accession to the Russian throne. In the absence of untoward events, the meeting of the Emperors will, it is believed, take place about midsummer. It is anticipated that Prince Bismarck, Count Schouvaloff, and Count Andrassy, in addition to some other leading statesmen, will accompany the Emperors.

—A Berlin evening paper is informed that the sailor-Prince Heinrich of Prussia, second son of the Crown Prince, is about to be betrothed to the eldest daughter of the Landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm of Hesse. The Princess Elisabeth, who was born at Copenhagen, and is a year older than Prince Heinrich, is the daughter of the Landgrave Friedrich Wilhelm of Hesse and his wife Anna, daughter of Prince Charles, and sister of Prince Frederick Charles; so that the Princess Elisabeth is closely akin to Prince Heinrich, being also a great-grandchild of Frederick William III. and Queen Louise.

—Mr. Labouchere says that "the late Emperor of Russia was not only one of the handsomest men in his dominions, but one of the best, and his manners were always most courteous to all who were brought in contact with him. It is more than twenty years since I saw him. He then used frequently to call and take tea at the English Embassy. He was always under the impression that his intention was not known beforehand. But even then precautions were taken to insure his safety, and his coachman, unknown to him, informed the Embassy of the contemplated visit some hours before it took place. He had then a worn sad air, as though the empire, if not life, was a trouble to him. His honest desire was that all under his rule should be happy. His own idea of happiness seemed to be to play at cards for small stakes with his cronies, and occasionally to kill a bear. Any one more utterly unfitted to reign as an autocrat never did reign as one."

—The Pickles family are conspicuous for height. Lorenzo A. Pickles, of Newfane, Niagara County, New York, peddles trees through Western New York. He is seventy years old, and measures six feet five inches in height. He has thirteen sisters and eight brothers, and he is the smallest of the entire family. One brother, who lives in Kentucky, is seven feet two and one-half inches in height, and weighs two hundred and seventy-five pounds, although he is spare in flesh. The little sister is six feet five and one-half inches tall. The family is scattered, no two living in the same State. Lorenzo Pickles never wears a coat, and goes about without stockings, winter and summer. He never tasted liquor of any kind in his life, and never drinks water. Three small cups of tea a day, winter and summer, suffice to quench Mr. Pickles's thirst. He never eats fresh meat. His chief article of diet is salt pork, although he likes salt meats and fish. He eats two table-spoonfuls of salt every day, and prefers salt to sugar in his tea. Pie and cake or sweetmeats of any kind he never tasted. He says he believes his hale and hearty condition is due mainly to the salt he uses. Mr. Pickles is a widower, but he has two daughters. One is seventeen years old, the other twelve. The oldest is six feet and half an inch tall; the youngest is five feet nine inches; and their father says they are both still growing.



SKETCHES IN THE MALDIVE ISLANDS.

THE MALDIVE ISLANDS.

THE Maldive Islands, grouped together in clusters called atolls, extend 470 miles north and south, and seventy miles east and west, or from latitude 0° 42′ south to 7° 6′ north, and between longitude 72° 33′ and 73° 44′ east. There are thirteen principal atolls, or groups. In the centre of the chain they lie in double rows—east and west atolls; at the north and south extremities of the chain they lie singly. Barrier reefs encircle the southern atolls, but, with a few partial exceptions, the northern atolls are free from them. The islands are in general not more than five or six feet above sea-level, so that until near approach the cocoa-nut-trees on them appear to be growing out of the water. No bottom is found with the lead at 200 fathoms depth close to the sea face of the islands and reefs, which are of the ordinary coral formation. The whole group is inhabited by a civilized race, expert navigators and sailors, who carry on a considerable trade with Bengal, Chittagong, Ceylon, and the Malabar Coast, and being Mohammedans, occasionally make pilgrim voyages to the Red Sea.

These islanders are governed by a Sultan, who resides, with his ministers of state, at Male, or Sultan's Island. He has three chief ministers—1, **HANDEGIRI**, the Treasurer and Chief Collector; 2, **DAHARD**, Director of Public Works; 3, **MIRA BAHARA**, Master Attendant and Principal Medical Officer, to whom the management of all state affairs is intrusted, subject to the approval of the Sultan.

No. 1 gives a view of one of the streets of fine white coral sand, showing the cadjan fences skirting the gardens on either side, and the usual portico and wicket-gate at the entrance of every respectable house and compound.

No. 2 shows the arena where the sports are held. The shed on the right is set apart for the Sultan, his small body-guard, and "the band" (flageolet, trombone, and drum). The two-storied building directly opposite, on the left, is devoted to the ladies, who are allowed to witness the sports from behind the cadjan-screened walls.

No. 3. **IBRÁHIM** Dídí, nephew of the late **ALI** Dídí, the wea city gate merchant (the Sultan's brother-in-law).

No. 4 represents the harbor on the north side of Male Island, with ordinary native fishing craft at anchor. This harbor is secured from the monsoon storms by an artificial bank of coral of an average height above water of three to four feet, and six to eight feet in width, which is carried round the island on three sides, and serves as an effective breakwater.

No. 5. The Sultan's palace, a large upper-roomed house, with sloping roof of cadjan, in a high-walled inclosure surrounded by a shallow moat, comprising an area of about a quarter of a mile.

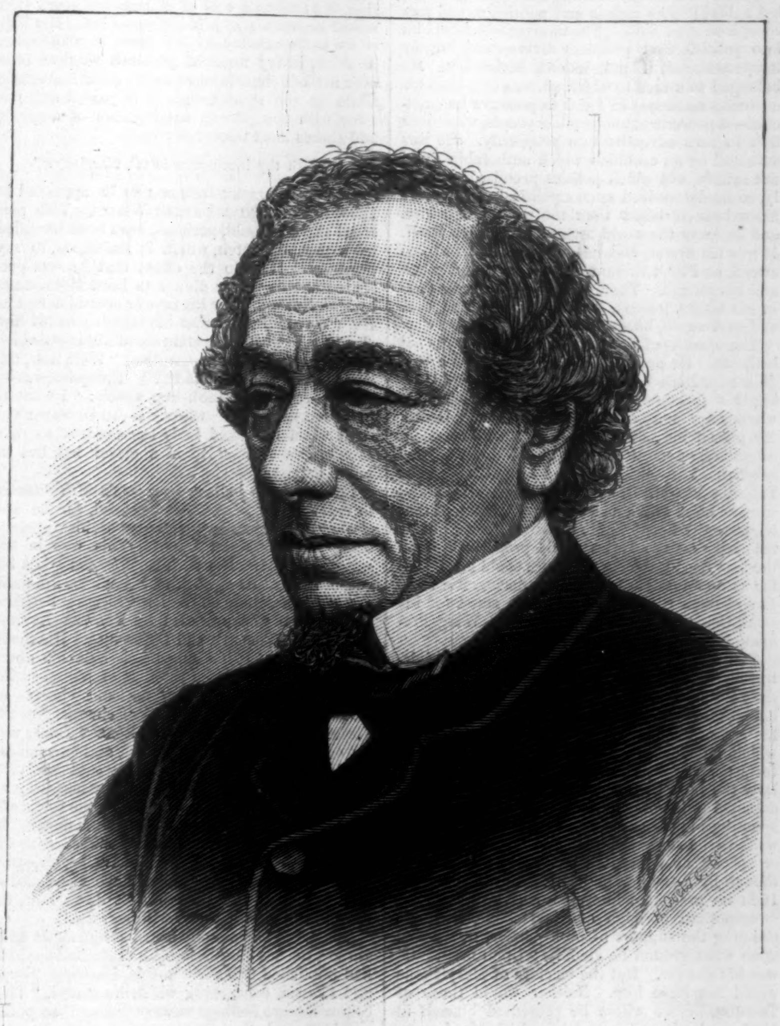
No. 6. Mosque and tower in which the Sultans are buried. A large-lettered inscription in Arabic, cut in relief, encircles the body of the tower.

No. 7. Maldivan woman carrying water from well. Dress: red and white handkerchief worn high on the head; loose-fitting long robe, dull red, with silver lace at neck and sleeves; striped cloth pataloons; all of cotton.

No. 8 shows the wall of the fort and the entrance gateway on the north side of the island.

No. 9. Model to scale of a Maldive fishing-boat.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

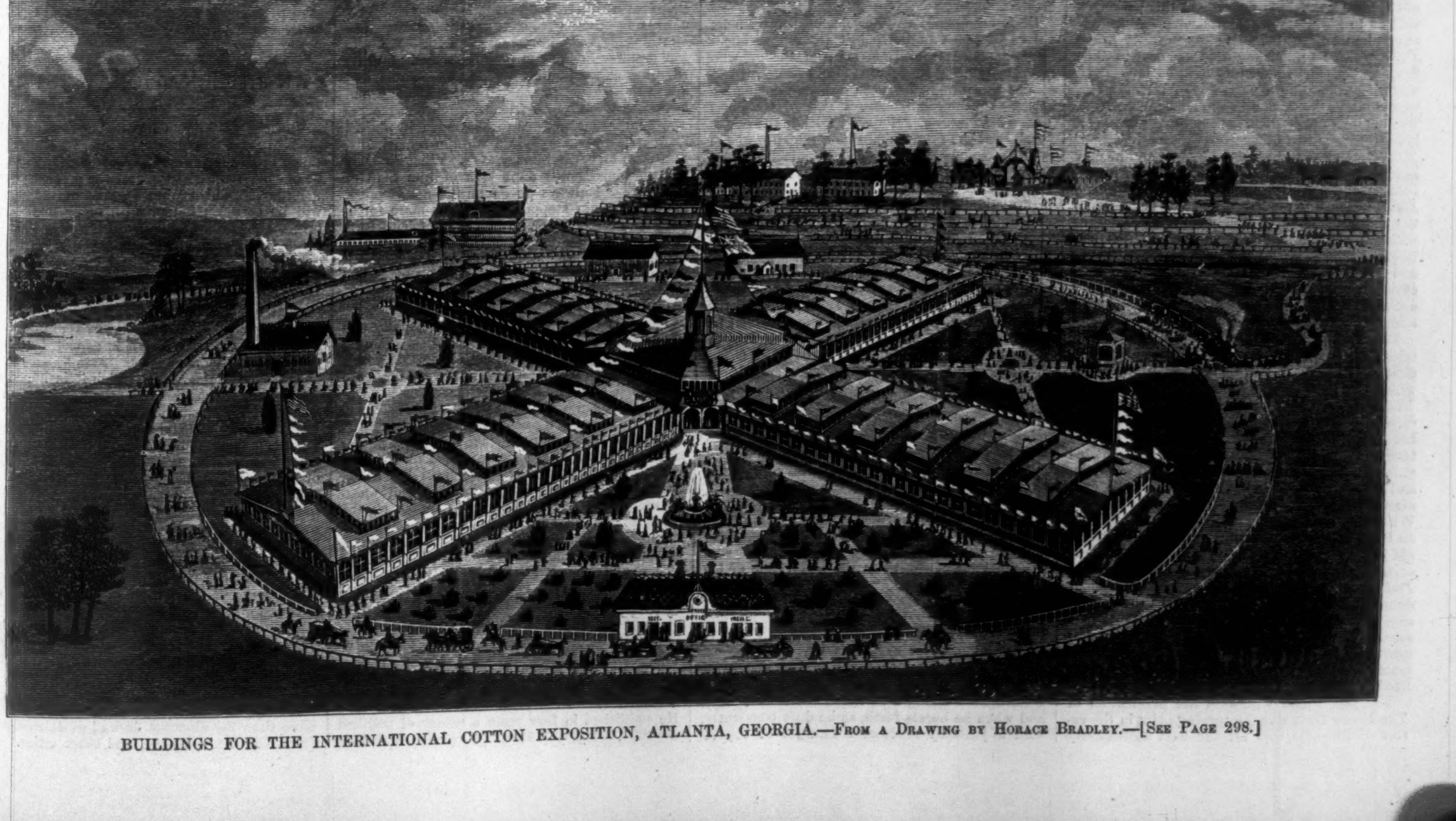


THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—From a Recent Photograph.

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, was one of the few descendants of English authors upon whom the mantle of their genius may be said to have fallen, and he was the only one who wore it with an added royalty of his own. In Hartley and Sara Coleridge, Adelaide Anne Procter, and Robert Lytton the light of their intellectual parentage was transmitted like coals from a sacred altar; the spark that twinkled in Isaac Disraeli coruscated in his son Benjamin into a cometary splendor that illuminated the sky of English letters for over half a century. With the exception of Byron, no Englishman of his time ever occupied so large a share of public attention, and no Englishman in his rank of life ever rose to so proud an eminence. He belonged to an ancient and proscribed race, and to a family whose original name has not reached us. The head of this family, which was settled in Spain in the fifteenth century, emigrated to Venice to escape the Inquisition. "Grateful to the God of Israel, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils, he assumed the name of Disraeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might be forever recognized." The Disraelis remained in Venice for more than two centuries. They were engaged in trade, which was then chiefly in the hands of their race, and were prosperous, if not affluent. Finally, about the middle of the last century, one of them determined to settle in England. His name was Benjamin, and he was about eighteen—a thrifty young fellow, who was at once naturalized, and who displayed such an aptitude for business that not many years elapsed before he had acquired a fortune. He married in 1765, and settled near Enfield, where he formed an Italian garden, entertained his friends, and played whist with Walpole's friend Sir Horace Mann, and where he was annoyed and perplexed by his wife and son—by his wife, who regarded his name and race with contempt, and strove to induce him to abandon the faith of his fathers and join the English Church, and by his son, who showed an unconquerable aversion for business. Isaac Disraeli, who was born in 1767, belonged to the category of sons who are foredoomed to cross the souls of their fathers. Educated in a desultory fashion, partly in England and partly in Holland, he imbibed the doctrines of Rousseau, which still retained a hold upon the mind of Europe, and devoted himself to literature, as young gentlemen of seventeen sometimes will. Meeting with no encouragement from his father, he sought encouragement from Dr. Johnson, to whom he sent a poem in which he declaimed against Commerce. At the end of a week his packet was returned unopened, for Johnson was then on his death-bed. He was not disheartened by this untoward circumstance, or not enough disheartened to cease writing, and about two years later his persistence was rewarded by his effusions appearing in print in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* Five years later (1791) he entered upon a career of authorship which lasted fifty years (1841), and afforded enjoyment to thousands of inquiring but uncritical readers. He began with literary gossip, wandered into poetry and romance and historical comments, and finally ended as he began, with more literary gossip, his first work, *The Curiosities of Literature*, leading up naturally to his last, *The Amenities of Literature.* If there ever was a man of letters, it was Isaac Disraeli. "He rose early to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit in the same walls. He disliked business, and never required relaxation; he was absorbed in his pursuits. In London his only amusement was to ramble among booksellers' shops; if he entered a club, it was only to go into the library. In the country he scarcely ever left his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence. He had not a single passion or prejudice." Father Disraeli appears to have relented at last, for we can not suppose that the sums received by his son for copyright enabled him to take a wife, as he did, in his thirty-fifth year. He married a Jewish lady named Basevi in 1802, and became the parent of four children, of whom the second, Benjamin, was born on the 21st of December, 1805. From the registers of the Portuguese Synagogue in Bevis Marks, in which his birth is noted (according to one account, in 1804), it is probable that he was born in London, and not at Enfield, whence the Disraelis are said to have removed at an early date—precisely when is nowhere specified. In or about 1809 they were living in the King's Road, Gray's Inn, and there, without doubt, the early years of Benjamin Disraeli were passed. He was a Jew by birth, but no more, for his father, who was still a member of the synagogue, never went near it, though he continued for some years to pay his annual assessment. At last he insisted that his name should be erased from the list of members, and it is to be presumed that his insistence was complied with. This was in 1817, his fiftieth year, and probably before the baptism of Master Benjamin, which was celebrated, under the care of some of his mother's connections, and at the instigation of the poet Rogers, in the parish church of St. Andrews, Holborn, on the 31st of July, 1817.

Little is known concerning Benjamin Disraeli until he attained his majority. He is said to have been educated by his father and by private tutors; he is also said to have been placed at a boarding-school at Winchester, and, later, under the charge of a Dissenting minister at Walthamstow. If he inherited his father's devotion to books, it had not yet shown itself, or showing itself, had not been encouraged by his father, who determined that he should have a more pecunious profession than authorship, and accordingly fixed upon the law. Among the friends of Isaac Disraeli was an eminent attorney or solicitor of large practice, in whose office Master Benjamin was received. It was in Old Jewry, which did not commend itself to the young Jew, who soon wearied of its dull routine and dingy purlieus, and was at last allowed to retire in favor of one of his brothers, who possessed less imagination and more application. This brief paragraph comprises all that is known of Benjamin Disraeli until he burst upon the world with *Vivian Grey*, which was published in 1826, or, to speak more exactly, of which the first installment of three volumes was published in 1826, and the last, of two volumes, in 1827.

Readers of to-day who take up *Vivian Grey* for the first time are apt to be disappointed with it, and if it were published to-day for the first time they would have a right to be disappointed, for it would certainly be an anomaly. Before one can read it intelligently he should recall the period at which it was written, and the popular novelists of that period. Who were they? Going back to the beginning of the century, and coming down to the year in which *Vivian Grey* was published, we pass in succession the names of William Godwin, M. G. Lewis, Maria Edgeworth, Amelia Opie, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, Sophia and Harriet Lee, Hannah More, Jane Austen, Barbara Hofland, Walter Scott, John Galt, John Wilson, James Morier, Robert Plumer Ward, and Horace Smith. Most of these writers are names and nothing more to the majority of modern readers, the exceptions being Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Scott. They may be said to have conquered the world of fiction, as far as it had been discovered then, and to have divided its kingdoms among them, Miss Edgeworth taking for her share the province of Irish humor, the Misses Porter for their share the rainy region of sentiment, Miss More for her share the narrow walk of morality, observation of English and Scottish life in the middle and lower classes falling to the share of Miss Austen and Galt, the master and sovereign of all being the unknown author of *Waverley*, who stood as far above them as Shakspeare above his fellow-dramatists, containing all their powers in his capacious genius, and doing with the greatest ease what cost them the greatest labor. In the twelve years that elapsed between the publication of *Waverley* and *Vivian Grey*, Scott published twenty different works of fiction, the last, which was published in the same year as *Vivian Grey*, being *Woodstock*. Such were the immediate predecessors and contemporaries of young Benjamin Disraeli. Let us see who were his successors during the next twenty years: Edward Lytton Bulwer, whose *Pelham* was published in 1827; Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose *Romance and Reality* was published in 1831; Thomas Love Peacock, whose *Crotchet Castle* was published in 1831; William Harrison Ainsworth, whose *Rookwood* was published in 1834; Captain Frederick Marryat, whose *Peter Simple* was published in 1834; Charles Dickens, whose *Sketches by Boz* were published in 1836; William Makepeace Thackeray, whose *Paris Sketch-Book* was published in 1840; Harriet Martineau, whose *Hour*



BUILDINGS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—From a Drawing by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 298.]

and the Man was published in 1840; Charles Lever, whose *Charles O'Malley* was published in 1841; Samuel Warren, whose *Ten Thousand a Year* was published in 1841; and Douglas Jerrold, whose *Chronicles of Clovernook* was published in 1846. Midway between the past and present schools of nineteenth-century English novelists stands the slight, almost boyish figure of Benjamin Disraeli. He belongs to neither, though he sympathizes in a certain sense with both. It is not easy to classify *Vivian Grey*, but it may be roughly described as the novel of fashionable and political life, and as such it was a new creation in fiction. It had no predecessors, and it has had no successors except *The Young Duke*, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and other and later members of the same intellectual family.

Vivian Grey was the sensation of the season. It took the town by storm. The first edition was sold before the second could be issued, and everybody who was anybody was talking about it and its anonymous author. Who was he, and who were the people whom he satirized so cleverly? That it was brilliant and audacious was admitted on all hands; that it was rather heartless and unprincipled was admitted also, even by those who admired it most. It was a young book, and an old book; a book in which romance and cynicism grappled in a life-and-death struggle, the issue of which could not be foretold. It was as if a prose Byron had written a prose "Don Juan," of which he was the hero, and in which he pilloried his friends and acquaintances. It was more personal than "Don Juan," for Don Juan himself was not so faithful a portrait of Byron as Vivian Grey was of Disraeli, and it was to "Don Juan" what the pleasures of hope are to the pleasures of memory. It was a vision of his future life, a prophecy which time has fulfilled.

There were qualities in Disraeli that existed in Byron and Pope, and among them was the feminine art of exciting curiosity. Who is the author of *Vivian Grey?* was asked; and who are the originals of his characters? To answer this last question, which repeats itself whenever he publishes a novel, *A Key to Vivian Grey* was speedily issued, and ran through ten editions. In substance it is as follows: the Marquis of Carrabas is the Marquis of Clanricarde, Mr. Foaming Fudge is Brougham, Mr. Charlatan Gas is Canning, Lord Past Century is Lord Eldon, Prince Hungary is Prince Esterhazy, Mrs. Million is Mrs. Coutts, Lord Prima Donna is Lord William Lenox, Mrs. Felix Lorraine is Lady Caroline Lamb, Stanislaus Hoax is Theodore Hook, the Marquis of Grandgout is the Marquis of Hertford, the Prince of Little Lilliput is Prince Leopold, the Misses Otranto are the Misses Berry, Vivacity Dull is Horace Twiss, Beckendorf is Prince Metternich, De Spittingen is Dr. Abernethy, and Lord Amelius Fitzfudge Boroughby is Lord Brughersh.

Vivian Grey was followed in 1829 by *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla*, a social and political satire, which has perished, though it is said to have deserved a better fate. Shortly after its publication Disraeli resolved to travel on the Continent and in the East, for which he departed with his sister Sarah, who was three years his senior. The winter of 1829–30 was spent by them in Constantinople, and later in the latter year they visited Albania. In 1831 they parted company, she to return to her father at Bradenham House, in Buckinghamshire, and he to continue his pilgrimage. The itinerary of Childe Disraeli has not been preserved, though fragments of it may be traced in his writings. He appears to have resided in Syria, to have explored Egypt and the Upper Nile, to have been in Janina in the midst of a revolt of the Albanians, and to have nearly lost his life in an attempt to penetrate the Mosque of Omar. We hear of him at Granada, at Rome, and on the plains of Troy, where he meditated an epic. The uncertainty which hangs over this tour of Disraeli's extends to his life at this period, as well as to his literary achievements. As nearly as can be made out his next story was *The Young Duke*, which its publishers said was sent to them from abroad, and which they assured its readers was written before the accession of William IV., who came to the throne in the summer of 1830. The biographers of Disraeli say that he also sent his publishers two other stories, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy* and *Contarini Fleming*, and he may have done so, for he was in the heyday of his invention, and was a very rapid writer. *The Young Duke*, which was published in 1831, belonged to the same school of fiction as *Vivian Grey*, of which it was the natural sequence. It was less brilliant, however; its mockery was less bitter, and it eschewed personal portraiture. "To draw caricatures of our contemporaries is not a very difficult task; it requires only a small portion of talent and a great want of courtesy."

That the world expected this small portion of talent and this great want of courtesy was evident from the reception it gave *The Young Duke*, which the critics declared was vastly inferior to *Vivian Grey*. He had paid these gentlemen his disrespects in the third book, and they remembered it with their customary kindness. He pretended to believe, and possibly believed, that his unfavorable critics were unsuccessful authors, and he clung to that belief, or that pretense, ever after, and never ceased to sneer at literary men. What may be called the political element in Vivian Grey (who declared that politics was a splendid juggle, and whose first principle was that everything was possible) cropped out in *The Young Duke* in Arundel Dacre, and in his triumphant début in the House of Commons. In the conclusion to the chapter in which this episode is narrated Disraeli expresses his opinion of several great Parliamentary lights of the time, and intimates that his own political principles were not fixed.

The year which witnessed the publication of *The Young Duke* was the turning-point in the career of Disraeli, who for the next half-century led a dual life as author and politician, and was conspicuous as both. The motives which led him into politics were probably diverse, and largely temperamental, if not, indeed, hereditary. He belonged to a race to which success had been for centuries necessary in order to preserve its existence—a proscribed but peculiar people, who knew how to turn adversity into prosperity. He was actuated by an ambition which authorship could not satisfy, but which politics promised to satisfy, so he determined upon a political career. He knew himself better than the world knew him, and he knew the world better than it knew itself. It was his oyster, and he opened it, not with his sword, as Pistol threatened to, but with his pen and his tongue. There was no such word as fail in his bright lexicon, for though he failed over and over again, he succeeded in the end.

The opening of Disraeli's political life was not brilliant. He presented himself in 1831 as a candidate for High Wycombe, a market-town adjoining his father's estate at Bradenham House, whence his address to the electors was issued. He placed himself before them an independent candidate, opposed alike to the Whigs, who had substituted an oligarchy for a kingdom, and the Tories, who were in a state of stupefaction, and were haunted with a nervous apprehension of that bugbear the People. He distrusted both, but he believed that the Tories would prove in the end the best friends the lower classes could have. So far as he was anything, he was a democratic Tory. The electors read his address, but voted for his rival, Colonel Grey, a brother of the Whig Premier, who was elected.

The failure of Lord Melbourne's first administration in the following year found him again in the field as a candidate for High Wycombe. He had now the support of Hume and O'Connell, and he made what may be called a radical speech, in which he mockingly bewailed the moribund reform party, whose members he chaffed, particularly the Lord Chancellor (Brougham), whom he depicted as dangling the Great Seal in post-chaises, spouting in pot-houses, and vowing that he would write to the sovereign by the post. It was a clever speech, no doubt, but he was again defeated, though by a smaller majority. In the spring of 1833 he presented himself for a vacancy in the metropolitan borough of Marylebone, and disclaiming the support of both parties, was asked upon what ground he stood. "Upon my head," was his answer. But the electors of Marylebone would not have him. Neither would those of Taunton, before whom he presented himself in 1835, and who preferred his rival, Mr. Labouchere, the son-in-law of Thomas Baring, and Lord Melbourne's Master of the Mint. This contest was enlivened and imbittered by the opposition of O'Connell, who had gone over to the Whigs, and used his influence with the Irish voters on behalf of Mr. Labouchere, and whom he denounced as an incendiary and a traitor, and who denounced him in turn as a liar, and his life as a living lie. It was on this occasion that O'Connell credited him with possessing just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died on the cross, and whose name he verily believed must have been Disraeli. For a similar outrage heaped upon Lord Alvanley, O'Connell had refused to fight, so Disraeli challenged his son, Morgan O'Connell, demanding satisfaction for the insults which his father had long lavished upon his political opponents. The intended duel was noised abroad, and the would-be legislator was bound over to keep the peace. He had to content himself with the following brief note, which was published in the papers of the day:

> "*Mr. O'Connell:*
> "Although you have placed yourself outside of the pale of civilization, still I am one who will not be insulted, even by a Yahoo, without chastising it. We shall meet at Philippi, when I will seize the opportunity for inflicting castigation for the insults you have lavished upon me. B. Disraeli."

So far the world's oyster declined to open its valves to Disraeli the politician, and withheld its succulence from Disraeli the author, who published during this period (1832 or 1833) two stories which he had written or begun during his Eastern tour—*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy* and *Contarini Fleming*. His good friends the critics laughed at the first, which was a romance of the twelfth century, founded on the adventures of David Alroy, a Hebrew prince of the house of David, who claimed to be Messiah, and raised an insurrection of the Jews against the Caliphate, and which has a high place among the class of composition known as prose poems. They did not laugh at the second, for it was published anonymously, though it found readers of whom any author might have been proud, among them Beckford, Heine, and Goethe. He also published the first part of *The Revolutionary Epic*, of which he had conceived the idea on the plains of Troy (a prosy poem for which nobody cared), *The Crisis Examined* and *A Vindication of the British Constitution*—two political monographs of no enduring value.

Disraeli the Younger, as he was called then, mingled in the best society of London, fashionable as well as literary and political. It was an age of dandyism, and he was a dandy of dandies, overdressed, as we think now, and with studied, not to say affected, manners. He was a constant *habitué* at the house of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place, where he was seen by an American dandy a year or two younger than himself, who pencilled his portrait for the admiration of his transatlantic readers. "Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action, and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he bursts forth, as he does constantly, with a partially successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carelessness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

> "'With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!'"

Such was Benjamin Disraeli as he appeared in 1835 to Nathaniel Parker Willis. This personal sketch should, perhaps, have been preceded by a mental sketch, which is ambitious, to say the least. It is to the effect that he was presented one day after dinner to Lord Melbourne by Mrs. Norton, after his first or second defeat at High Wycombe, and that his lordship asked him abruptly, but with a certain air of kindness which took away any air of assumption, "Well, now, tell me, what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply fairly took him aback: "I want to be Prime Minister." Clearly Isaac Disraeli was right when he asked Lady Blessington to take care of his son. "He is a clever lad, but he wants ballast."

Ballast or no ballast, Disraeli's fifth attempt to enter Parliament was successful, for he was elected junior member for Maidstone, his colleague being Mr. Wyndham Lewis. This was in the spring of 1837. His political life and trials began in earnest on the 7th of December, the occasion being a debate on the Irish Election Petition, in which he was preceded by Bulwer Lytton, Sir William Follett, and O'Connell. His theatrical appearance, his long black hair, his abundant gestures, and the rapidity of his elocution were provocative of laughter and cheers—of laughter from the Whigs, and of cheers from the Tories, particularly from Sir Robert Peel, who sat on the front row of benches, and encouraged him in stentorian tones. He would probably have made a creditable speech if he had been allowed to do so, but the word had gone forth, and the followers of O'Connell hooted him down. He lost his temper at last, and concluded with the following prophetic words: "I have begun several times many things, and I have succeeded at last. Ay, sir; and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me."

The world had already heard of him again as an author, for not long before his oratorical fiasco he had published two more novels, *Henrietta Temple* and *Venetia*, concerning which he stated, "They commemorate feelings more enduring than public passions, and they were written with care and some delight." In *Venetia*, he returned to his early practice of portraiture, for among its characters were Byron and Shelley, the former figuring as Lord Cadurcis, the latter as Marmion Herbert. It was a happy thought to introduce them in a romantic fiction, but it was not original with Disraeli, for nineteen years before, and during their lifetime, Thomas Love Peacock had put them into the story of *Nightmare Abbey*, as well as Coleridge and Southey, Shelley being Scythrop, Byron Mr. Cypress, Coleridge Mr. Flosky, and Southey Mr. Sackbut. Disraeli, like Bulwer Lytton, would not be persuaded that he was not a poet, consequently his next performance in verse, the tragedy of *Count Alarcos*, was a failure. He had persuaded himself, however, that if speech was silvern, silence was golden, and when he rose again, about a year and a half after his first failure, the House was prepared to listen to him. "He had already thrown away his poetic and historical imagery, and took his stand on facts, feelings, and strong common-sense. He had carefully unlearned his faults, studied the character of his audience, cultivated the arts of speech, and filled his mind with the elements of Parliamentary knowledge."

It is not possible within the limits of a sketch like this to trace the long and curious career of Disraeli minutely, nor is it likely to be so traced until he has passed from the generation that knew him into history. For more than forty years he was a power in English politics, versed in all its windings and turnings, fertile in expedients, and adroit in management, hated by his enemies and not much loved by his friends, at once sagacious and courageous, neither disheartened by defeat nor elated by victory—in a word, a remarkable, not to say an extraordinary, man. What Shelley said of himself was more true of him than of Shelley—"I always go on until I am stopped, and I never am stopped." He was more fortunate than Shelley, or Byron, or his friend Bulwer Lytton, for about this time he married an estimable lady, the widow of his erewhile colleague Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and found in her wifely affection the true pathos and sublime of his life.

Disraeli's first great political opportunity was his rupture with Sir Robert Peel, with whom he had been in political harmony for several years, and who was thenceforth his dearest foe. He exhausted upon him all the power of his wit, which was keen, and all the power of his sarcasm, which was simply tremendous. He had tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party, and the government of which he was the head was an organized hypocrisy. He had caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life had been one great Appropriation Clause. He was a burglar of the intellect of others. There never was a statesman who had committed political petty larceny on so grand a scale. He was a great Parliamentary middle-man, and the volumes of Hansard, in which his thirty years of interminable talk was embalmed, was the Dunciad of Politics.

There was a pleasant side to Disraeli's life in the midst of this bitterness and contention, and it looked out on the passionless world of letters. He published in four years a trilogy of political novels, *Coningsby* (1844), *Sybil* (1845), and *Tancred* (1847). The success of *Coningsby* was as great as that of *Vivian Grey*, and like *Vivian Grey* it was enlivened by the introduction of real persons under fictitious names, the hero being intended for Lord Lyttleton, Rigby for John Wilson Croker, Lucian Gay for Hook, Lady St. Julian for Lady Jersey, Oswald Millbank for William Ewart Gladstone, and the lesser characters for lesser celebrities, whose names do not concern the readers of to-day. *Coningsby* dealt with the doctrines of the party of Young England, *Sybil* with Chartism, and *Tancred* with the mystic influence of religion, foreshadowing a vast scheme of British annexation in Asia. The public importance of Disraeli at this period was acknowledged by *Punch*, which began to caricature him in April, 1845, and continued to do so for a third of a century, and his vogue in letters was acknowledged by a young gentleman of talent who was connected with *Punch*, and who wrote a burlesque on *Coningsby*, entitled "Codlingsby." He was a mad wag then, was William Makepeace Thackeray.

In the year in which *Tancred* was published, Disraeli, who was the member for Shrewsbury, became the member for Buckinghamshire, and the acknowledged head of the Conservative party. The downfall of the ministry of Lord John Russell in 1852 brought Lord Derby into power, and with him Disraeli, who was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Before the year was over, however, Lord Derby and his party went out of office. They were in the ascendant again in 1858, and Disraeli was in his seat again as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But not for long, for in a few months they were obliged to retire, and were succeeded by Lord Palmerston and a mongrel party of Whigs, Peelites, and Liberals. They returned to office once more in the summer of 1866, and Disraeli was once more Chancellor of the Exchequer. Two years later he became—what he told Lord Melbourne he wished to be about thirty years before—Prime Minister. Before long the disestablishment of the Irish Church placed him in the minority, and he resigned, and was followed by Gladstone, between whom and himself a bitter rivalry had long existed. He retired to his estate at Hughenden House, where in a few months he produced *Lothair*, which was written with a purpose, which abounded in sketches of contemporary character in his old manner, and which was an enormous success. He became Prime Minister again in 1874, and remained in office for about six years, which were the most eventful in his long and adventurous career, witnessing as they did the energy and the audacity which purchased the Khedive's shares of the Suez Canal, the passage of the Royal Titles Bill, which made the Queen of England also Empress of India, the determined attitude of England during the Russo-Turkish war, the transportation of the Sepoys from India to Malta, the secret treaty with Turkey, and the triumphant return from Berlin with peace and honor.

The wildest ambition of his youth was gratified. There was nothing more that he could ask for or desire. He rose to power with an audacity and a tumultuousness that suited his showy Hebrew temperament, and in rising to power he ennobled his beloved wife, for whom he received a title that he declined for himself, though after her death he consented to receive it, and so became the Earl of Beaconsfield. He drew no hero so improbable as himself, no career so magnificent as his own. His death-bed was like that of a sovereign, and when he breathed his last, the mournful intelligence went forth to the ends of the earth. He died full of years and honors; and when history records the names of great Englishmen, she will record no greater name than that of the remarkable man who sleeps by the side of his wife in the little village of Beaconsfield, which Waller and Burke loved before him, and where their dust moulders with his, their more than peer, Benjamin Disraeli, first and last Earl of Beaconsfield. R. H. Stoddard.

AN INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION.

The city of Atlanta has undertaken an enterprise of more than ordinary interest and significance in the International Cotton Exposition to be opened upon October 5 of the present year.

Although the leading feature of the display will be cotton, together with other textiles, the original purpose of the projectors has been expanded so as to include not only all of the food products, manufactures, and minerals of the South, but general exhibits from Northern manufacturing firms as well. As the exposition is to be international in its character, the European nations will be visited shortly by representatives of the management, and it is expected a liberal response will be made.

The immediate results which it is hoped will follow this exposition are the introduction of better machinery among agriculturalists, the invention of simpler and more effective appliances, a better understanding between the producer and manufacturer, and the advantage of comparison of foreign and domestic methods.

The selection of Atlanta as the point for holding such an instructive exposition is a peculiarly happy one, as that city is probably more accessible by rail from various points than any other in the South. Being a vast distributing point, her citizens are naturally alert and progressive, and Atlanta partakes more of the character of a Western city than of a Southern town.

The estimated amount of expenditure has been placed at $200,000, of which the city of Atlanta and Southern railway lines bear a liberal portion. The Hon. H. J. Kimball, director-general, has just completed a tour of the North and East, and has succeeded in obtaining, without any delay, more than the amounts desired as subscriptions from New York, Boston, and other cities. The exposition building will be located upon the fair ground at Oglethorpe Park, in the suburbs of the city, and will be in the form of a Greek cross. Its interior construction will embody the features of a model cotton mill. A number of auxiliary buildings will also be erected for the display of tobacco, cotton ginning, mineral collections, etc. Fifteen acres have been set apart for competitive cotton-growing.

It is expected that the several wings of the main building will be utilized as factories at the close of the exposition, as they will be so constructed that they can be taken down without injury.

A novel feature will be the sidings laid down within the grounds for the occupancy of sleeping-cars. It has already been seen that large parties will arrive from distant points in chartered cars, in which they will reside during their stay.

The exposition will continue for three months.

THE AMERICAN HORSE-EXCHANGE.

"Tattersalls," London, as a horse exchange, is known the world over, and New-Yorkers, particularly those who are interested in blooded stock, have long felt the need of a similar institution in their own city. The American Horse Exchange, a building of peculiar architecture, occupying almost the entire block bounded by Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Fiftieth Street, and Fifty-first Street, is excellently adapted to the purposes for which it was designed.

Entering the principal or Broadway side, we pass business offices on either hand, and step into the "sale yard," with stabling on the south and east, box stalls on the north, and opposite the entrance the auctioneer's stand, which each Tuesday is the centre of interest to those who have come to buy or talk horse; the entire scene, including the gallery for spectators, suffused in light intensified by its passage through the glass roof, together with the shout of the auctioneer, the prancing of the horses, the excitement of the crowd, the shuffling to and fro of the capped, muffled, and legginged cockney grooms and jockeys, whose odd physiognomy and contempt of the letter *h* make one feel, when they appear nibbling their whip-stocks or crested with horse collars, as if an ocean rolled between him and the scream of the eagle. Here, during the week, private sales are in progress, and hurdle-jumping, team-breaking, and other exercises incidental to equine life are of daily occurrence.

On these days ladies and children may be seen selecting their saddle-horses, while drags, dog-carts, and other fashionable turn-outs are changing ownership in the carriage loft on the south side of the "yard," and one story above the latter. On this floor also are the rooms of Mr. William Easton, the manager (with whom the idea of the Exchange originated), the club-room, the directors' rooms, and business offices; and in the eastern section the feed loft and additional stabling directly over the blacksmith's shop. The employés have their quarters in the tower.

The structure is of Philadelphia brick throughout, and the wood-work is varnished Georgia pine. The ventilation, lighting, steam-heating, drainage, and precautions against fire are admirable, and the walls and floors of the stables absorb neither moisture nor disease.

Six miles from the city the Exchange has an establishment where horses not in condition for immediate sale may be kept until their owners desire to offer them. At this place horses are broken to harness and trained as hunters.

Messrs. James R. Keene, H. W. T. Mali, August Belmont, Jun., G. Peabody Wetmore, William Jay, F. Bronson, C. W. Griswold, John H. Draper, F. Wilson, E. Lamontague, F. Sherman, and Henry Draper, with William K. Vanderbilt as President, compose the Board of Directors.

It is almost superfluous to add that in the Exchange turfmen recognize a market where neither the misrepresentation of stock nor any other form of the petty dishonesty for which the average horse-dealer has such an unsavory reputation will be tolerated—a place conducted on the honorable principles that have governed the English instituion after which it has been modelled, where, as a veteran jockey said to me, "A child may buy and not be cheated."

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

During the present week the fifth annual dog show, under the management of the Westminster Kennel Club of New York, is being held at the American Institute Building, on Third Avenue. Hitherto the club has held its exhibitions in Madison Square Garden, the accident at that building last year resulting in the sad death of Colonel Tileston, a prominent member of the club. This year Madison Square Garden could not be obtained for a suitable time, hence the change to the Rink, as it is familiarly called—a building much more suitable for the accommodation and health of the dogs, being capable of better ventilation. Many improvements have been made in the benching of the dogs, the large-sized ones being placed along the side walls of the building, and raised only a few inches from the floor, so that an excellent view can be obtained of them. First on the list of the catalogue are the Westminster Kennel Club dogs, headed by their grand pointer Sensation, who, by his work at the last Eastern Field Trials meeting, proved that he is as good as he is good-looking. The classes for competition begin with the mastiffs, of which Miss Hewitt sends three; but the best are undoubtedly Mr. Mason's champions Salisbury and Creole, the former valued at $2000. Mr. Mason is a Yorkshire gentleman who has been most successful of late years at the English shows, and arrived two weeks ago with a large number of his best dogs for exhibition at this show. In St. Bernards the catalogue is graced with the name of ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden as the exhibitor of Askin; but Mr. Haines, of Toms River, New Jersey, has the strongest exhibit of this handsome dog. Newfoundlands are a small class, but the magnificent Mayor of Bingley (Mr. Mason's) more than makes amends for the paucity of entries. He is a dog of great notoriety in England on account of certain unfounded statements respecting his tail having been tampered with. In greyhounds the entries are both numerous and of good quality, Mr. Mason being again prominent with a fine pair of blacks, showing the perfection of symmetry and muscular development combined.

American shows are always remarkable for the strength of their pointer and setter classes, and it is no idle boast to say that in these they are far ahead of anything to be seen either at the English Kennel Club shows or at Birmingham, taking the general average of quality. In pointers the palm for general excellence rests with Mr. Orgill, of Brooklyn, a gentleman who has devoted much attention to the improvement of small-sized lemon-and-white pointers—so much so, indeed, that an Orgill pointer is eagerly sought for by sportsmen who desire beauty in their field dogs. Mr. Moore, of Philadelphia, is another prominent exhibitor, as is also the St. Louis Kennel Club, whose Bow, Faust, and Jessamine are well-known prize-winners. Mr. Mason is an exhibitor of pointers, and shows a very fine dog in champion Don, a great winner in England, and several other good dogs. Mr. Garrett Roach has some choice specimens, and Mr. J. G. Hecksher has a few entries of the best from his kennel. Setters bring out an array of talent hard, if not impossible, to beat anywhere, and at the head of the list must be placed Mr. Moore's grand lot. In English setters this gentleman shows such cracks as Leicester, Rosy Morn, Luna May, Temple Bar, Thunder, and Lass o' Gowrie, each and every one of which has a reputation not confined to America. In Irish setters he has the champion Berkley, who seems unbeatable, Loo II., and Raleigh; while in black-and-tans he is well represented by Bob, Stella, Mona, and Lady Rapid. Mr. J. H. Goodsell, of New York—who, we believe, makes his first appearance as an exhibitor—has, by careful selection, got together a very fine lot of English setters, the most prominent being Don Juan, imported a few weeks since, and Norna, also imported, and well known in connection with field trials; but we regret that neither she nor Carlowitz was in proper condition to show, hence Mr. Goodsell judiciously left them at home, but Duke of Beaufort, Racket, Daisy Laverack, and Rufus (Irish) speak for the general excellence of his kennel.

Dr. S. Fleet Speir, of Brooklyn, lays claim to the title of a prominent exhibitor with such dogs as St. Elmo—a great winner on the bench and in the field—Lizzie Lee, Wanda, Prince Hal, Saxon, and Maida, every one far above the average in point of looks. Another Brooklyn physician, Dr. F. H. Aten, whose fancy is for black-and-tan setters, shows Glen, a field-trial winner, and five others; but for quality his dogs are excelled by those from the Toledo Kennel Club, who show amongst others the well-known Grouse and Venus. To give any extended notice of the setters would be impossible, but no notice could be complete unless reference was made to Elcho, now owned by Dr. Jarvis, of Claremont, New Hampshire. A glance at the pedigrees of the prize-winners in the Irish setter classes demonstrates more than words can do that Elcho is a dog in a thousand, and it is as easy for a setter-fancier to pick out an Elcho dog as it is to tell an Ethiopian from a Caucasian.

A very good lot of dogs is to be seen in the spaniel classes, Mr. Whitman's Irish water-spaniel Barney being probably the best specimen of the breed to be found anywhere. In field spaniels, Mr. Moore's Dash and the Lachine Club's Benedict, both from the kennels of Mr. Jacobs, of Newton Abbott, England, are fine specimens of the now fashionable blacks. Old Trimbush the Clumber still holds his own, but he is showing his years. In cockers, Mr. Tinsley, of Hamilton, has an exceptionally good one in Busy; and the puppy Beatrice, from the Lachine Kennel Club, is most promising. The Queens County array of fox-hounds attracts a great deal of attention; and their smaller prototypes, the beagles, muster in great force, assisted by the entries from the Montclair Hunt of New Jersey.

Fox terriers are evidently growing in favor, and some very fine ones are to be seen, of which we might select Gamester, Royal, Bowstring, Moslem II., Tipsey, Twilight, Active, Tussle, and Shot as typical specimens. Messrs. L. and W. Rutherfurd, of New York, and Mr. Mason, of England, are large exhibitors of this breed. Collies are another breed which has evidently taken solid root here, for the entries this year are a great improvement upon anything obtained hitherto. Mr. A. S. Apgar shows two good ones in Nelson and Lassie, Dr. Downie, of the Scotland Kennel, has sent his two great winners, Tweed II. and Lass o' Gowrie, and Mr. Lindsay, of Jersey City, is well represented by Rex, Ayrshire Laddie, and others. The very ugly bull-dogs are, if it is not anomalous to say so, a good-looking lot—that is, taking a bull-dog fancier's estimate—and Messrs Barnard, of Boston, Mortimer, of New York, and Mason head the lists with the best specimens. Bull-terriers are a more pleasant-looking row, their white coats and trim, hardy looks making them so. Mr. Mason's Young Bill is a very fine sample of what a modern bull-terrier should be.

In rough-haired terriers will be found Bruce, an Airedale terrier—a breed hitherto unknown here, and but scantily represented even in England. Irish terriers, for which a class has been provided for the first time in America, can best be studied by glancing at the Lachine Kennel Club's Kathleen and Home Ruler. They are rough-and-ready-looking customers, and that is said to be their main characteristic. Some very good Dandie Dinmonts, the terriers immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, are shown by Mr. Hume, of Orange Court House, Virginia, and by Mr. Mason, all of them being imported dogs.

At the request of a few owners a special class was made for Berghunds, and Mrs. Lorillard and Messrs. Sielder and Cæsar exhibit some very fine animals, which are claimed to be good representative specimens of this hitherto unexhibited dog, whose head-quarters is sufficiently demonstrated by its name.

Finally, we come to the ladies' dogs, and on the score of beauty the Yorkshire terrier takes the palm. He is the dandy of the canine race, arrayed in a coat of flossy silk reaching nearly to the ground, with a golden veil enveloping his face, hiding the view of everything except the tip of his nose and his feet. Little know the visitors the time and care expended on these gems to get them to show condition, hence the value set upon good Yorkshires. Skyes are another favorite breed, and Americans are evidently beginning to learn the difference between Skyes and Yorkshires, which was but imperfectly understood a year or two back. The benches containing the pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, and toy terriers are a great centre of attraction for those who like home pets, and in each of the classes set apart for them may be seen some first-class specimens.

Dog shows have done much toward the education of the masses respecting the leading characteristics of the many different breeds into which the canine world is divided, and New-Yorkers are greatly indebted to the gentlemen composing the Westminster Kennel Club for the many excellent exhibitions held under their management, and of which there is no question that the present is well ahead of any of its predecessors.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The impressive ceremony of adjourning the Connecticut Legislature is thus described: After the two Houses had met in joint convention, the Governor arose, and looking around, inquired, "Is Mr. G—— present?"

"No, but Mr. F—— is here," was somebody's response.

"Mr. F——, have you any more companies that you desire to have incorporated?" the Governor asked.

"There are no more ready at present," was the answer.

"Then," said the Governor, "let the General Assembly be adjourned."

An Indian Rajah, wishing to make a present to the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, had the tusks of a young elephant fashioned into the shape of a paper-cutter, and the animal taught to cut open the newspapers. The Viceroy flung to the elephant a copy of the *Edinburgh Review*. It cut the leaves dexterously, and gracefully returned the work in its trunk.

That which has been known for a long time in the rural districts as mesmerism has of late been brought to the large cities, and introduced as hypnotic syngignocism. A country cousin on a visit to the city might hesitate to trust himself in a hall where that sort of thing was announced to go on, but he would not be there long before beginning to feel at home.

A weekly newspaper in Maryland announces that the village in which it is published is "too poor to support a temperance society." Even the bar-rooms are not doing a driving business.

When Lord Beaconsfield's sickness began, a portrait of him was nearly finished by Millais the artist, requiring only two more sittings. "In Millais's studio," says the London *World*, "the ex-Premier saw a proof engraving of the portrait of Gladstone. 'Shall I be done like that too?' his lordship asked, and was delighted to get an answer in the affirmative. He was still more pleased when Mr. Millais gave him a proof of the Gladstone engraving duly signed. This Lord Beaconsfield carried off under his arm in triumph." The picture of Beaconsfield comes near enough to completion to satisfy the public, though the artist may lament the loss of the opportunity which the two other sittings would have afforded.

Boston has had a milk-producers' strike, although it is more according to nature for milk producers to kick or hook.

A man in Westfield, Massachusetts, recently received a letter from an Englishman, setting forth that his son had landed in New York, and gone, he believed, to "a place called Texas." The father wanted to know whether it would "be asking too much" to beg that his correspondent run over to Texas, and learn whether the young man is there.

The neighbor and esteemed contemporary of the Tombstone (Arizona) *Epitaph* is the *Tombstone Gossip*, printed in the village of Unlucky Cuss.

A woman in Pittsburgh returned to her home after a short absence to find the house shut up in front and crape on the door. Her little daughter was playing that her doll had just expired.

According to a Georgia newspaper, it is considered more complimentary in South Carolina to address a man as "Judge" than to give him the title of "Colonel," although it is generally acknowledged that a man who goes by the latter title can drink one-third more whiskey than one who is familiarly addressed as "Judge."

Among the duties which deter timid men from marrying in England is the duty on wedding rings, which, says the London *Echo*, is seventeen shillings an ounce, and yields to the government about one hundred thousand dollars yearly.

"If there were no fogs in London," says the *World*, "the emanations from the sewers would poison us all; but the delicious fogs absorb and destroy all deleterious particles." There are comparatively no fogs in New York, and the emanations from the piles of filth can not be much more wholesome than those from the London sewers.

When Chinamen insist upon being represented in the councils of the nation, perhaps they will recognize the fitness of things by nominating their countryman Ah Jaw, a laundry-man on the east side, for Representative in Congress.

A Missouri newspaper says that the City Fathers ought to erect a wind-pump on every corner of the square, and then explains, as though afraid of incurring the displeasure of its readers, "They are so ornamental."

One of the arguments advanced in favor of a railroad into the great Western park is that a man who can look at a locomotive with indifference is not capable of appreciating the Yosemite Valley.

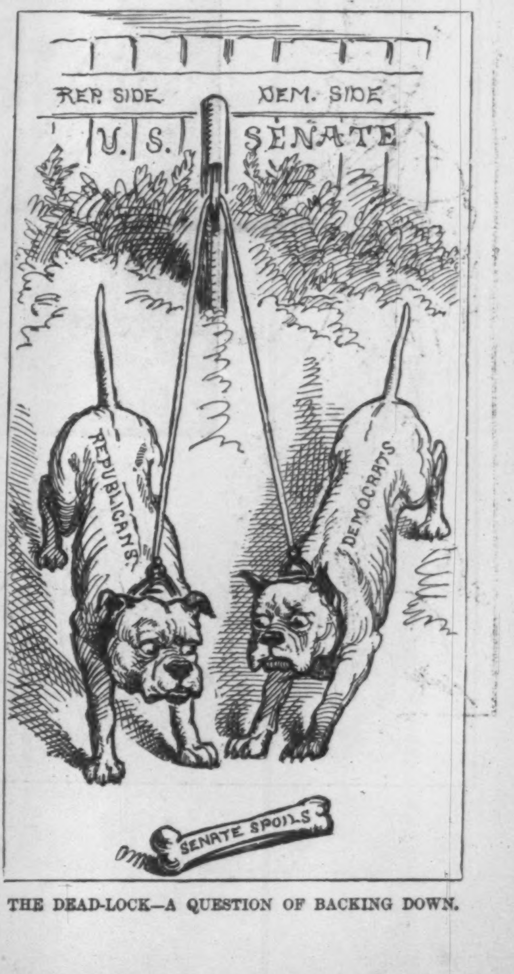
The spectacle of the counsel for the accused Police Commissioners attempting to show that the streets of New York have not been neglected, by browbeating the Mayor's witnesses, must have appeared slightly ridiculous to such spectators as found it necessary to go out-of-doors last winter or early this spring.

A recent race in England was won by a horse owned by a pawnbroker, and trained by an Irish baronet. The London *World* thinks that this fact goes toward supporting the saying that all men are equal on the turf and under it.

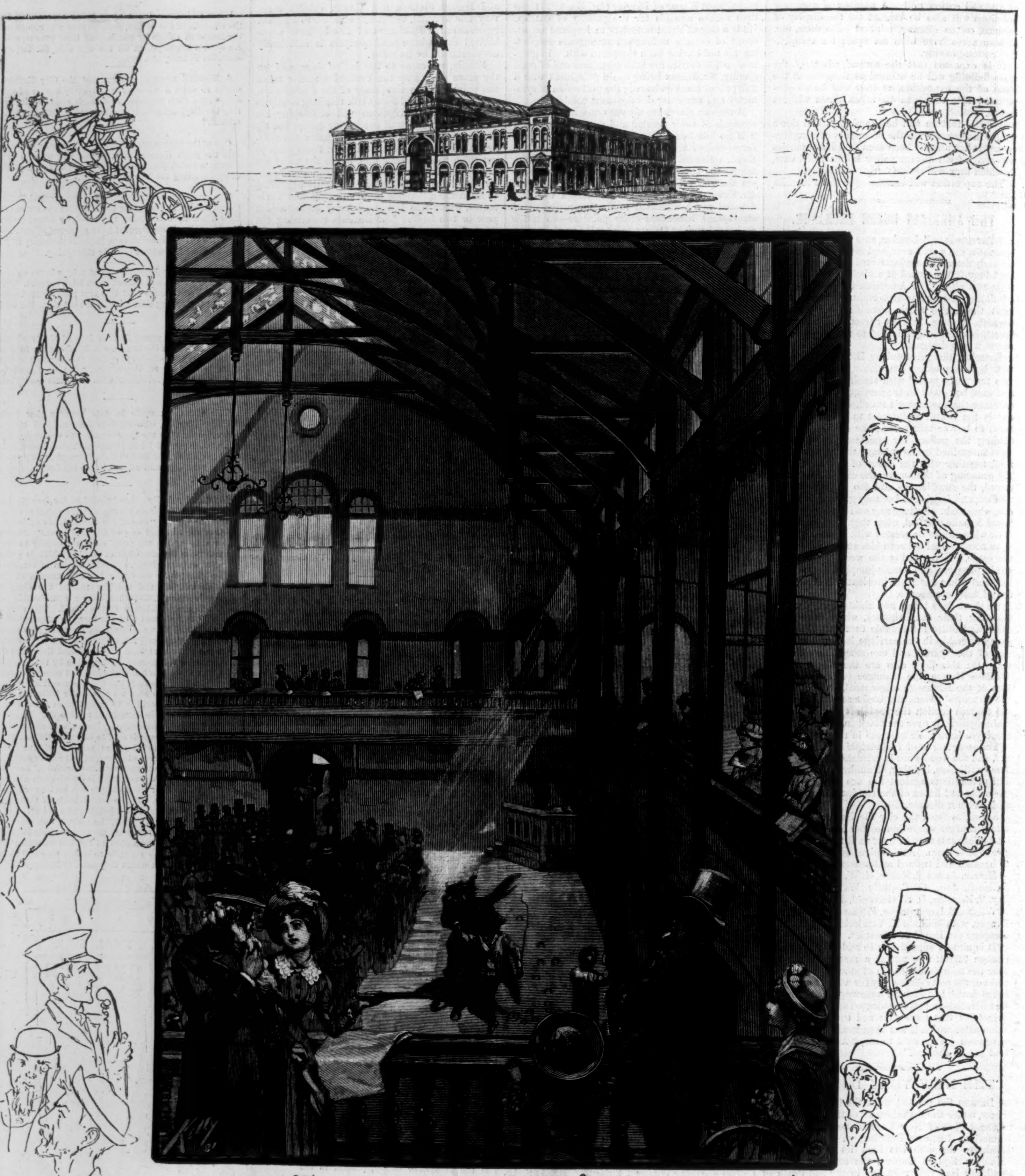
It is said that a young Russian lady of high rank, an intimate friend of the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was in the party that officially received the Duchess on her recent arrival in St. Petersburg, "has confessed to a very close acquaintance with Nihilists and their doings."

The statement made in this country that Lady Blanche Murphy, who recently died in New Hampshire, eloped with the poor organist to whom she was married, is denied by Mr. Edmund Yates, who writes that her father, the Earl of Gainsborough, was present at the marriage, and offered to aid his daughter with an annuity.

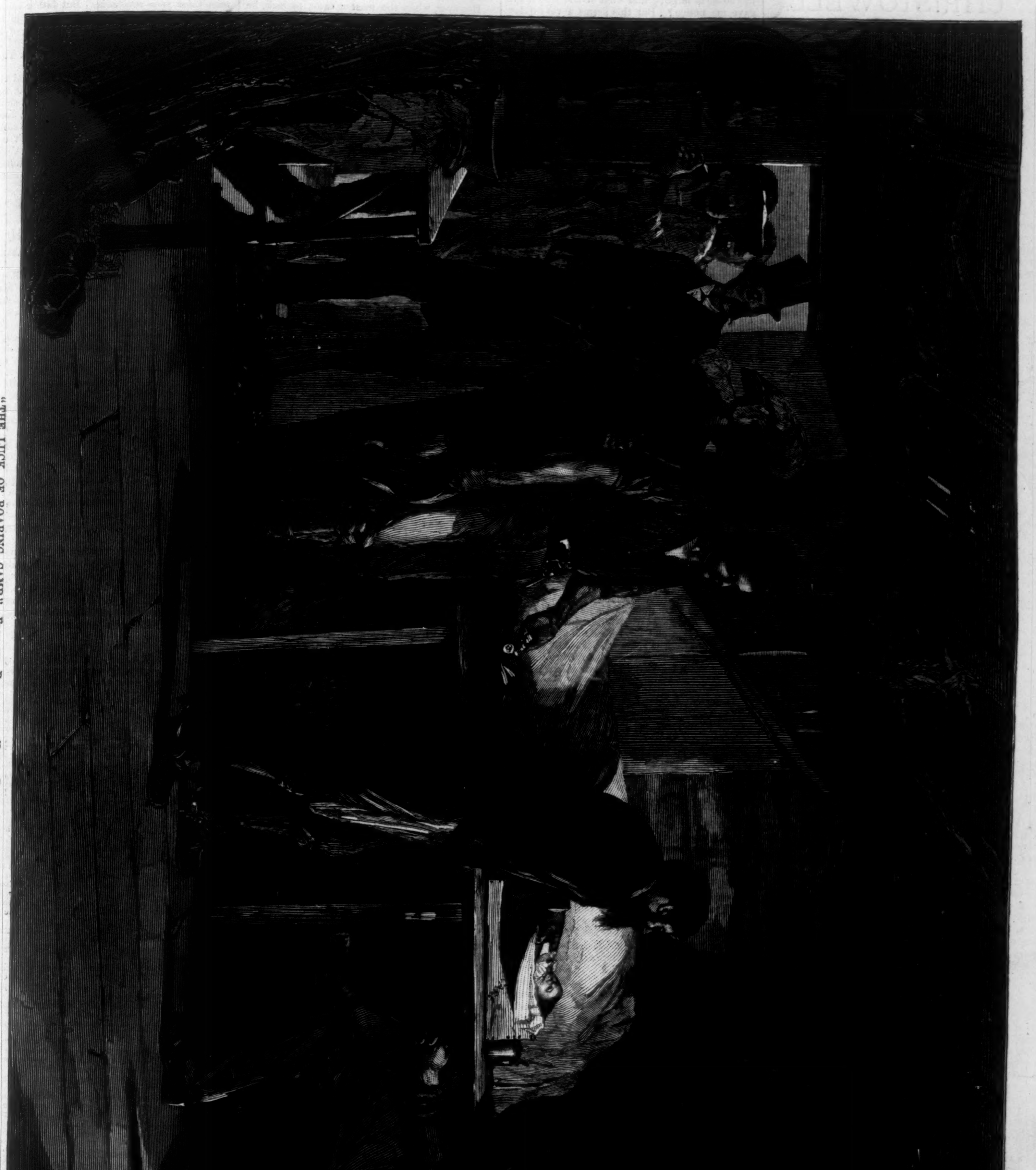
Mr. Charles A. Dana has printed in the *Sun* the impressions derived from his recent winter visit to Cuba, which, he says, is "one of the fairest lands under the light of the sun, and one of the healthiest." Among the results of the ten years' civil war ending in 1878 he mentions the abolition of slavery, which is going forward encouragingly, a heavier burden of taxation, and a change for the better in the demeanor of the Spanish officials and soldiery toward the Cubans. Strangely enough, there has been a considerable increase in the population of the island. The census taken in 1880 showed that the increase of population since 1862 had been nearly one hundred and fifty thousand. Mr. Dana estimates that the war with Spain cost the Cubans at least fifty thousand lives, and he accounts for the increased population by the hypothesis that some two hundred thousand men who were sent from Spain to fight the Cubans remained to live among them. He sees no reason for believing that Spain will not continue to extort from Cuba every cent that she can be compelled to give up. In some cases plantations have already been abandoned, and in others the sugar-cane is sold to larger establishments, which can be carried on at smaller relative cost. "This double process of abandonment and of concentration in a few vast concerns must continue," he says, "until the Spanish government is dissolved in a European revolution, or until culture can no longer stand under its burdens, and the fertile fields of Cuba are once more converted into a jungle and a desert. I did not converse with a Cuban," he adds, "who was not quick and ardent in assuring me that the only hope of the people is in annexation to the United States—in free trade with the republic to which they sell their products, and from which they draw their supplies."



THE DEAD-LOCK—A QUESTION OF BACKING DOWN.



THE AMERICAN HORSE EXCHANGE.—Drawn by James E. Kelly.—[See Page 299.]



"THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP."—From the Painting by Henry Bacon, now in the National Academy of Design, New York.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

TALL AND SHORT.

THERE was another little dinner spoiled that very day, and by the self-same omnipotent roguery of mankind, exerted perhaps, in the latter case, more frankly and respectably. However, it was sad as almost anything can be, and a far deeper outrage on the feeling of the public than the rapid demission to their final cause of a hundred hungry lawyers.

To describe this occurrence, without exaggeration, and yet with the sympathy which can not be refused, is beyond the highest hope of the most sanguine self-esteem; not only because no single two persons—if such a phrase may pass in such confusion—to whatever extent they may have both been present (and the whole parish found that it had been present, as the interest waxed, and the danger waned), could upon any terms be brought to reconcile their accounts with one another's, or even with themselves; but through a deeper denial than that—for that always happens, and a thing could not be true if two people took the same view of it exactly—namely, through a stern, but for our sakes most beneficial, law of nature, that dogs have no articulate human speech as yet.

It was raining cats and dogs—as some loose genius has discovered to describe it—when Parson Short, drenched and almost sodden to the bone, rode up the lane from the village to his home. The vicarage, a good old-fashioned house, facing the lowlands, and sheltered from the moor, stood back in the glebe, at least a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling, and from the high-road. Large trees around it kept out the sun-glare, while they let in the play of light; and firs of laminated verdure (like the Deodara that is succeeding them) gave a stately movement to the wind, and divided the driving rain with shelter.

"My certy something must be wrong," the vicar exclaimed, as he found no Thomas at the gate to meet him, although he was an hour now behind his time, and what was even more extraordinary, no Nous with a caper at his bridle; then he gave a shrill whistle, but neither man nor dog came forth, nor made any reply at all. So he unlatched the gate with the crook of his whip, and Trumpeter pushed it with his saturated neck. In a minute Mr. Short was at his own front door, but the dripping of the rain was the only sound to greet him. Getting down from his horse, with a puddle running from him, he found the door open, and snatching a big stick from the umbrella-stand, while he shouted, "House ahoy! is there nobody alive here?" on he went to the real head-quarters of a house—the kitchen. There was nobody there, and the fire was out, his half-leg of mutton was floured for the roast, but reposed upon the table in that interesting stage; while the dresser, that wholesome pride of Mrs. Aggett's heart, was in sixes and sevens of confusion. The master turned pale, for he expected to find murder, knowing how steady and how steadfast was his housewife. But in another moment great relief ensued, and even a strong tendency to sad laughter.

For, hearing a noise like that of a small boy blowing through a papered comb, he grasped his truncheon firmly, and went to seek it. And there, in the furthest recess of the scullery, he beheld a sight such as he never yet had seen. Lashed to the pump by the long jack-towel, so that she could move neither hand nor foot, was a short but highly respectable female, whom he knew by her dress to be his good housekeeper. Her face was invisible, and her tongue under disability, because the metal colander, wherein she was washing spinach, had been securely fastened over, and contained, most fittingly, the whole of her expressive countenance. Upon the upper rim of this vessel, as in a spirit of mockery, played the half-mourning ribbons of her second-best cap—a tribute of respect to the departed Aggett. Hearing her master's approach, she tried to stamp, for her temper was unequal to the strain of this adversity; but the only result was a vibration of the pump, and a little gush of water down her sadly aching back.

With the brief word or two of manly sympathy, the vicar hastened to the knife-box, and finding the game-carver, began to cut the swathings of her long duresse. But when he would have eased her of the dark oppressive domino, she thrust at him with her liberated elbow, and completing her freedom, made off down the passage. Mr. Short, having lofty opinion of women, looked after her, with a strong faith in her motives for this rude proceeding. And his confidence was justified, for no sooner had she found herself round a corner, where no light shone, than she dashed away the colander, and screamed back, "No man sha'n't zee my vace till I've washed 'un." For she was a fine cook, and she knew how spinach oozes.

"I suppose she knows where Lizzie is, or she never would bother about her face," the parson thought, with continued faith; for Lizzie, the handmaid of the house, was Mrs. Aggett's only daughter; and before he could do any more about that, his housekeeper, following the veinage of his thoughts, quicker than he could follow hers, called back from the top of the back stairs: "He hath keyed her in. I've a-heered Lizzie thumping. The black gentleman have keyed her in your sarmon-room. Go you and see to things it was a shame on 'e to naglax; and hus 'll be down by that time."

"I fear she is very much put out indeed," Mr. Short said to himself, as he went to look round the house at large; "and what shonld I do if she gave me notice? But this seems a very queer thing altogether. The plate is gone, of course, and all my money. However, there was scarcely £50 to steal. Oh, what am I about, to think of miserable money? My Nous must be dead, my most clever, faithful darling! He would leap at their throats till they killed him."

Leaving all his losses to be gained at leisure, he ran out through a side door to the dog's abode, or rather the stall where he was chained up in weather too wet for his kennel, and where he found no comfort but in mourning when his master was away without him. Mrs. Aggett belonged to that class of women who, from defect of large sympathy, exclaim, "Drat the dog!" when they come across a foot-print, instead of reflecting on the great superiority of the canine to the human foot, in addition to the double number. And Nous, who had no vanity, looked up to Mrs. Aggett, not only because of her control of bones, but also through a sense of her command of broom-handles, such as came down upon him from the wrong direction, and caught him on the back, while he with integrity was gazing forward. And often he got a great lump by this.

His master understood these woes, and finding consolation grievous, when they made much fuss together, tried to avert the blow by strictest *alibi* of Nous when undefended. For even Mrs. Aggett, thorough despot as she was, durst not descend upon the dog with all her vigor when the master was at home; and they all knew that. At other times it was a bitter fact that if Nous came in, with an honest view to luncheon, or a laudable exercise of foresight as to dinner, concerning both the hour and the substance, at the very moment when he stood wiping his feet on the rope mat, to the utmost of his conscience, a heavy thump of something void of feeling, but capable of conveying it too well, was prone to dim his happiness, and darken his reflections.

"She has brought upon herself this signal Nemesis of pump," Mr. Short muttered, grimly, as he ran to look for Nous. "There is no rogue in the kingdom who could steal into our scullery while that dog was left at large. But why has he not saluted my return? He always hears us coming up the lane. Why, Nous, my darling! You are not dead, are you?"

The parson fell back against the stable door, and a rush of tears dimmed his keen, brave eyes. For the poor dog was lying on his side among the straw, senseless and motionless, and to all appearance dead. The chain was jerked tight round his neck as a hangman's noose, with the hair standing out from it, and his body was rolled up like a silk-worm spinning, or a fossil ammonite, while his curly ears, falling back, showed their silver linings, and only the whites of his eyes could be seen. He had given up all hope of himself, and only wanted to die without any more disturbance.

Mr. Short had the presence of mind to say no more. The dog had not heard him yet, and to excite him while he was thus throttled would cut his last hair. Stealing his steps, like a nurse at the bedside of some one afflicted with heart-disease, the master got behind him, and looked into the position. After a hard struggle of long hours, Nous was now at his very last gasp, and he must have been dead long ago if he had not managed, with extraordinary skill, to get the strongest claw of each hind-foot under a link of that strangling chain. To such a strait was he brought by simple indignation at the villainy of mankind.

It was impossible to undo the chain, for the dog had wrought it up into a series of spikes; but luckily a three-cornered rasp, for the hoofs of Trumpeter, lay handy. Mr. Short took the twisted chain between his knees, and cut a link, and eased it at the poor dog's withers, and then released it gently from his puckered throat. Hereupon a little sigh came up from the huddled hoops of the ribs; and the cut of the nostrils lifted faintly; and the throat began to quiver with a longing to expel a bark that had stuck fast in it. By great skill and care he was gradually brought round; but such was his exhaustion that when he tried to sit up and lick his master's hand once more, his cramped legs failed him, and he fell among the hay-bands.

As soon as his favorite was out of danger, the vicar (who had shouted in vain for Thomas) returned, in a settled frame of mind, to see how far his household gods were shorn. Being now assured that no life was taken—unless it were that of old Thomas, which appeared scarcely possible to any one who knew him—the master of the premises was ready to consider what had happened, in its proper order. And Nous, who displayed much more excitement, because he considered the whole fault his own, came staggering after him to learn the worst.

Mrs. Aggett by this time was evil to approach. She had found her daughter Lizzie in the sermon-room crying, not from the effect of the discourses piled around—however touching they might be—but through inability to escape from them, and the idea of the tombstones which they suggested; in addition to anxiety about her only parent, and a deep inner sense that she had had no dinner. Intolerant of misplaced lamentation, the mother proved the fitness of her survival by delivering a hearty thump between the mourner's shoulders; then bidding her be off, and thank the Lord for bread and dripping, she bustled round the house to see how much was left of anything.

So far as a hasty survey revealed, there was very little gone of any real value. The plate was untouched, but some old-fashioned knives, and notably an ancient Oxford carver (with a heel to it, and a curved hart's-horn handle), had vanished; and so had a double-barrelled gun, and a two-pound canister of powder, and a stiff three-jointed fly-rod, and a book full of tackle, and a few other things from the lobby of sporting implements. "A' must 'a been one of they dratted poochers," Mrs. Aggett exclaimed, with great relief; "and welcome a' be to all thic rubbish."

However, when the master came to look, he found that a little bag of tithes was gone, containing about £40 in gold, which he seemed to himself to have hidden right cunningly in a hole of his bedroom wall, behind the barometer, which every one was afraid of as a piece of wicked witchment. Like a sensible man, he was vexed to lose his money, although he had plenty more that could not be stolen; but remembering at once that his meaning had been to spend most of this in charity, he perceived that his charity must be curtailed. But before he was much consoled by this, he came upon a dearer loss, which taxed his finest feelings.

His grandfather, Admiral Short, had been a person of great punctuality, timing all his movements by a large gold watch, and thereby measuring the minutes needful to defeat the enemy. He was called "Punctuality Short," because in a contest of some celebrity he had said, "We shall have her in twenty-five minutes"; then holding his watch, with the going side outward, upon a nice round abdomen, he worked his guns to such effect that she struck in 24 minutes 30 seconds. And when he discharged, with punctuality also, no more guns, but the peaceful debt of nature, his last words were, "My grandson Tom is to have the Victory chronometer." A chronometer it was, and beat that of the ship; though portable watches were content, as yet, to be called "watches," and no more.

Finding his money flown, the parson hurried to the case in which he kept this triumph of the Barwise firm. By it he had the church clock set; and by it (whatever the church clock said) he had the bells rung on a Sunday morning to tell the parish when eight o'clock was, for the women (who always got up first on a Sunday) to put their husbands' clothes out, and for the little girls to soap their brothers, and for the barber—having fifty long beards to hew down between that and ten o'clock—to pour his boiling water on his dish of suds, and set off to do the halfpenny fellows first. For as many of the men as paid a penny got another good hour to stretch their arms.

There were perhaps a thousand things of almost equal moment for which this big watch struck the spring, or, if that expression be an involution, awoke the time of day for Christowell. But what is the use of detailing them, when the watch, and all its works, were gone?

It is a remarkable instance of the overpowering effect of great catastrophes that when Mr. Short found his true Palladium conspicuous by its absence, the only thing he did was to double his fists unwittingly, and the only thing he said was, "What a bad job!"

"Hath a' tuk the key along wi' 'un? Ay, that a' hath!" cried Mrs. Aggett, with some admiration, as she came up to see what her master was about; "but the zeals be all here. Well, I said a' was a gentleman, though a' might be a black one."

This observation recalled Mr. Short's attention from the deed to the doer thereof; and knowing—as a preacher has opportunity of doing—how soon the clearest impression will fade, he began at once to question his housekeeper concerning her assailant. And it seemed to him almost to be an excess of her wonted peculiarities, when she charged the blame wholly and solely on himself, evincing good-will, if not downright gratitude, to the man who had fastened her to the pump. The only description she could give, or would, was that he seemed to be "a tall black gentleman, going about very graciously," till the vicar at last lost his patience, and exclaimed: "You had better say I robbed my own house myself. Upon my word, I believe you think so!"

"Noo, noo, twadn't you," the good woman replied; "a' was dree times so tall as you be. 'Twor as much as the odds atwixt thic and thiccy." She held up her long middle finger as she spoke, to indicate the robber gentleman; and then, as figurative of her master, displayed the top joint of her dumpy thumb. Mr. Short strode away; for if anything annoyed him it was an allusion to his modesty of stature.

"The poor old woman is so deaf," he pronounced, in a voice quite loud enough to reach her, "that the villain stole behind her while she was at the sink; and I dare say she never set eyes on him at all. But Lizzie—Lizzie must know something. And Thomas! Good heavens! is a house to be surprised and robbed in broad daylight, and the people burked and gagged, and not a soul be able to tell anything about it? Lizzie, come here, child. You have had time enough to get over your fright, and to satisfy your hunger. Now what was this fellow like that 'keyed' you in the sermon-room?"

"I can't say, sir, indeed I can't," Lizzie Aggett answered, beginning to whine at the remembrance of her fright; "only he was big, and black, and hugly. If you was to tear me in pieces with wild horses—"

"Tush!" cried the parson. "Was there ever such a set of nincompoops? What became of Thomas, child? Is he in a trance? Was he scared off the premises? Did he see a vision?"

"No, sir, please, sir; leastways not as I knows of. But he seed a half-crown laying under the laylac, by the stable door, sir. And he come to ouze, and he saith, 'I must go and see whether this here be a good coin of the kingdom.' And please, sir, he ain't been back, though I hollered, like a peg bein' killed, out of windy."

"Ah, I understand. I shall have to groom Trumpeter myself, if he is groomed at all. Run and see who is thumping at the back door so."

But the girl trembled so that the vicar went himself; and there he found the landlord's daughter from the "Three Horseshoes."

"Oh, do please to come, sir, as soon as you can"—she held up her hands with urgency. "It isn't raining anything to speak of now, sir. And your Thomas is that tipsy in our bar, and laying about him with a pewter pot, that nobody dare go anigh him. We would send for constable if it wasn't for your reverence. But father saith to let you know, sir, first, for fear you should take it unkind of us. Father could tackle of him peart enow, if must be. But mother hold him back, by reason of the pewter pot. Your Thomas is a-laying about so dreadful!"

"I wish he had layed about with equal vigor here," poor Mr. Short muttered, as he set forth again, without a bit of food, and with wet shivers running through him; "bolt the door, Lizzie. Ah, I need not tell you. 'When the horse is stolen,' etc. Don't be afraid, child. They won't come again, for the most rational of all reasons. The Greeks had a proverb about the great difficulty experienced, even by that most ingenious race, in skinning a skinned dog."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POLITICS IN THE SOUTH.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I FIND a letter from Francis P. Ward, Esq., of this city, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 19th, and I beg leave to submit a statement in reply. I am a Republican, and chairman of the Republican Committee for this Congressional District. I supported Colonel Lowe for Congress in 1878 and in 1880 against the regular Bourbon candidate, and would feel bound to do so again under like circumstances. Why? I did not then and do not now indorse Colonel Lowe's wild and impracticable financial views. I am a hard-money, national-bank man. Why, then, did I and the mass of Republicans here support the Greenback-Labor candidate? Let me frankly tell you. There are questions of more vital importance in Southern politics than banking and currency or any phase of the money question. They are issues such as fair elections, an honest count, free thought, free speech, free government itself. Upon these Colonel Lowe and the Greenbackers were with us; upon these I felt impelled, as a Republican and as a man, to act with my best judgment and conscience.

As to the financial question, there was professedly no difference between the Democrats and Greenbackers. In order that you may judge for yourself, I submit the following platform, unanimously adopted two years ago by the Democracy of this county, and indorsed *nemine contradicente* by the entire Bourbon press and party of this district.

PLATFORM.

Resolutions adopted by the Democratic Party of Madison County, in Convention, August, 1878.

The committee on resolutions reported as follows, and their report was adopted without dissent:

"*Whereas*, Throughout our entire country the value of real estate is greatly depreciated; industry paralyzed; trade depressed; enterprise destroyed; unparalleled distress inflicted upon the middle and poorer classes; millions of honest laborers thrown out of employment, reduced to want, and compelled to beg, steal, or starve; the country filled with fraud, bankruptcy, and crime; and *whereas*, this state of things has been brought about by legislation in the interest of capitalists, corporations, bankers, and bondholders, who have purchased members of Congress, and dictated the legislation of the country, whereby the honest tax-paying people have been defrauded of untold millions, and now desire to perpetuate their fraud and power by reducing the great masses of the people to a state of poverty, ignorance, and slavery; and *whereas*, no relief can be given to the suffering millions until this class legislation is repealed, and the financial policy of the government is changed; and *whereas*, we believe that the government was established for the benefit of the people, and not exclusively for the capitalists, corporations, bankers, and bondholders; and *whereas*, we believe the true principle of Democracy is to adopt measures which bring the greatest good to the greatest number;

"*Therefore, be it resolved*, by the Democratic and Conservative party of Madison County:

"1. We re-affirm the time-honored principles of the Democratic party.

"2. We demand the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act, the unlimited coinage of silver, and that as a legal tender it be put upon the equal footing with gold.

"3. That all national banks be abolished, and a paper currency be issued directly by the government, which shall be a legal tender for all debts, public and private.

"4. There shall be no privileged class of creditors, but official salaries, pensions, bonds, government dues, and all other obligations, public and private, shall be discharged in the legal money of the United States, strictly according to the stipulations of the laws under which they were incurred.

"5. To counteract and remedy the existing evil, we demand that the government shall issue a full legal tender paper money adequate in volume to the requirements of commerce, the revival of business, employment of labor, and the just distribution of its products.

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"7. That we do not believe a public debt to be a public blessing, but a great public evil, and we are, therefore, in favor of the extinction of the public debt as rapidly as may be consistent with the interests of the great masses of the people; and to this end, that the government shall be required to pay the bonds due with greenback currency, wherever the bonds were originally payable in greenbacks, and we regard the substitution of gold bonds for bonds originally payable in greenbacks a violation of the original contract, and a gross fraud, injustice, and oppression perpetrated upon the tax-paying people."

General Garth accepted this platform and nomination, and declared everywhere that he was a better Democrat than Colonel Lowe, and a better Greenbacker than Peter Cooper. I believed him, took him at his word, and voted for Colonel Lowe as the least of evils. Mr. Ward then supported General Garth upon this platform, and subsequently General Wheeler upon a like platform. He now inveighs against "repudiation and Communism." He now proposes an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Northern bondholder and the Southern Bourbon? He now says, "Could not the Northern Republican and Southern Democrat both be twisting separate strands that might yet be laid in an anchor cable?"

What sort of "separate strands" was Mr. Ward's party "twisting" when they adopted the above preamble and resolutions in 1878? What sort of "anchor cable" was he laying when he supported General Wheeler upon a like platform in 1880? Let the following letter from General Wheeler to the editor of our Greenback organ answer for itself:

> "WHEELER, ALABAMA, *June* 17, 1880.
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> "*Colonel A. H. Brittin, Editor 'Advocate'*:
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> "DEAR SIR,—In your paper of the 16th I observe an editorial which in substance contains the following, viz.: 'That I owe it to myself and to those people in North Alabama to whom I have often asserted that the Democracy was a good enough Greenback party, and that a new Greenback party was not necessary, to state if it is true or false that the committee on resolutions, at any time during the session of the State Convention, presented resolutions on the subject of finance which might be called Greenback resolutions. If so, were they passed upon by the Convention? If so, how? And why does not the action of the Convention appear in the proceedings as published?' In reply to the above I will state that such a resolution was introduced and read from the Speaker's stand by my eloquent young friend Colonel Sam Blackwell to a full representative Convention, consisting of 575 members, nearly every member being in his seat. The resolution was received with great enthusiasm, and was unanimously adopted, not a single objection being made thereto. I think, Colonel, that this most abundantly proves my assertion that 'a new Greenback party is not necessary'; and I hope and trust you will agree with me, and in future exert your energy and ability in our most glorious cause.
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> "Five hundred and seventy-five representative delegates, including members from every county except Winston, voting in one voice for the resolutions, proves beyond question that the resolution expressed the sentiments of the entire Democratic party of Alabama. I hope this will so impress you that on my return from Cincinnati I will find our entire ticket, State and national, at the head of your columns.... Join our columns, Colonel; seize one of our banners, and march with us to victory.
>
> "With respect, your obedient servant,
>
> "JOS. WHEELER."

The Republicans, under these circumstances, had to choose between the Greenbackers and the Bourbons. If we ran a ticket of our own in this overwhelmingly Democratic district, it was tantamount to taking sides against the Greenbackers, and securing to that extent the victory to the Bourbons. Under ordinary circumstances, we could and perhaps would have done so, but the circumstances were not ordinary. They were most extraordinary. The Bourbons had enacted election laws that practically disfranchised the Republicans, especially in local and State elections. These laws exist to-day, and are executed in the same fraudulent spirit in which they were enacted. Our elections are, in fact, a fraud and a farce. The boasted right preservative of all rights—a full, free, fair vote and an honest count—has been wantonly and wickedly destroyed throughout the State. A shameful cloud of popular suspicion and distrust broods over the sanctuary of the ballot-box. Elections are no longer believed to elect. They are decided, not by the people at the polls, but by partisan inspectors after the polls are closed and the elections over. Fraud has taken the place of force. The ballot-box stuffer has taken the place of the Ku-Klux to accomplish, perhaps with nimble fingers and perjured conscience, the nefarious but necessary work. In view of this condition of the community, the Greenbackers, Independents, and anti-Bourbon Democrats in the last election assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, and adopted the following platform:

> "1. In view of the pending State election, this Greenback-Labor Conference hereby denounces the action of the present Democratic State administration in changing the time-honored election laws of the State, so as to open the door to fraud and perjury, and close the door to detection and punishment. We demand the repeal of said laws, and a restoration of the honest and simple provisions under which the people have heretofore enjoyed the sacred right of the elective franchise. We demand a fair election and an honest count."

The Republicans felt bound, under the circumstances, to stand by the Greenbackers upon this issue. We had a common grievance, and we made a common cause against it. We antagonized a common enemy on Bourbonism, and felt impelled, first and last, by every law of nature, to fight together as one man for the right of political existence. The country knows the result of last August's election in Alabama, the Bourbon victory (by inspectors) being about ninety-seven thousand majority, with several counties to be heard from. In November we had United States supervisors, and under the intrepid leadership of Colonel Lowe, who is a rare organizer and leader of men, we rallied again for a bold, aggressive canvass. We had in this district a full, free, fair vote at the election, and a plain, square, dead open and shut "count out" afterward. Everybody here knows these things. We hope that even Mr. Ward will find, when this contest comes up in Congress, new sources of information.

In the mean time Mr. Ward has appointed himself ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Bourbons of the South to the hoodwinked heathen of radicalism in the North. He seeks an alliance offensive and defensive. He deplores the "extension of suffrage to the freedmen, and the admission of the Southern States into the Union under the amended Constitution," but fondly hopes that "the adoption of a clear and consistent theory of government, and an honest and fearless application of it, might greatly lessen the difficulties that have arisen from the premature adoption of these measures." He does not favor us with the specific remedies he would apply to the case or the country, but leaves us to infer that as the South was legally right in secession, and the North was morally wrong in reconstruction, the State-rights theory of government, enforced by appropriate legislation, would leave the suffrage of the freedman subject to the local despotism of fraudulent elections, without hope of relief from the nation. This is notoriously the present condition of the South, and Mr. Ward does not seem to object to it. He is as silent as the grave upon the subject of suffrage, although he knows that this paramount right is the question of questions upon which parties here are now divided. Mr. Ward's reference to the first war between Russia and France as illustrating the relations between the North and South betrays the vice of his position and the condition of his mind on this subject. He fails to comprehend, or refuses to realize, that we are not to be considered as two foreign powers engaged in mortal conflict with each other, but as one people living under one government, with a common Constitution and a common destiny.

Mr. Ward is an accomplished gentleman, an able advocate, learned in the law and literature, but irregularly developed in politics. As slave-owner, secessionist, Confederate, and Bourbon, he represents every extreme phase of Southern sectionalism in the past, present, and future. He belongs to a school of thought that sees nothing wrong in slavery but its abolition, nothing shameful in secession but its defeat, and nothing to be regretted in Southern politics or society but its purblind fight against fate, and its inherent weakness and failure.

What have the relations between Augustus and Herod, to which Mr. Ward refers, to do with the union of the hard-money Republicans of the North with the soft-money Bourbons of the South? Which is Augustus, and which is Herod? And who, except Mr. Ward, will personate the daughter of Herodias dancing before this Bourbon Herod for the head of our Greenback John the Baptist in a charger? If we have read history aright, Augustus was an invading Roman despot, and Herod, whether father or son, was a native Jewish sycophant. If Mr. Ward refers to the Herod who murdered his wife, children, and relatives generally, his wicked name is one of the most repulsive in history. If he refers to Herod the Tetrarch of Galilee, he must recollect that he was not the friend but the parasite of Augustus. He was the friend of Pontius Pilate, and made his infamy Scriptural by slaughtering John and James, and persecuting the early Christians. We are told in the good Book that for his insolence and pride "the angel of the Lord smote him, and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost." If this is the Herod to which Mr. Ward compares the Bourbons of the South, may we not hope, without blasphemy, that history ere long will repeat itself?

However this may be, back of all this historical reference and Scriptural subterfuge, back of this screen of casuistry and special pleading, I find Mr. Ward's distinct proposal for a political alliance between the Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats. If Colonel Lowe and the Greenbackers have done nothing else, we must credit them at least for whipping the Bourbons of the South into something like respect for the Republicans of the North. But Southern Republicans can not accept Mr. Ward's overture. They can not join the Bourbons until the leopard shall change its spots. They can not war upon the only native white organization in this section that demands honest elections and equal laws for the whole people. We are bound by the first law of self-preservation to unite with anybody, whether it be Mahone of Virginia, or Lowe of Alabama, or Felton of Georgia, to beat down the lawless and intolerant spirit of Bourbonism, and to regain for ourselves as American citizens the essence of free government. Respectfully,

A. W. McCULLOUGH.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DOGS.

SOME time in February, 1871, there died in one of the hospitals of the city of New York a Frenchman named BONARD. By a will made a day or two previous to his death he bequeathed to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a property, real and personal, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars or thereabouts.

BONARD was a firm believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of the human soul into the body of an animal. The fact of a poor and obscure man asserting a belief such as this would have attracted no attention; but the amount and destination of BONARD's wealth gave rise to litigation, in the course of which the inner life and peculiar views of the deceased were thoroughly exposed. Supposititious relatives contested the will, to maintain or refute the legality of which a cloud of eminent lawyers was retained on behalf of the proponents and contestants.

It was shown in the evidence that BONARD concealed his wealth, which was in coin, in kegs beneath his bed. His mind was entirely absorbed in his love of animals and the care of this treasure. One of the strongest points made by the attorneys for the contestants to emphasize the insanity of BONARD, which they hoped to establish, was his habit of awakening in the night and exclaiming, "I will give you this money!" To the legal mind no clearer proof of an abnormal and disordered intellect could be adduced than that of a man voluntarily offering to give money without litigious coercion.

In his habits BONARD was unsocial; he despised human beings, and preferred the society of dogs. As he was a man advanced in years, his preference was possibly the result of experience, and of varied opportunities for contrasting the vices of the one with the intelligence and virtues of the other. This metempsychosian philosopher was notoriously solicitious of the well-being of this animal. What sums of money he disbursed were in mitigation of the condition of the unhappy canines, to whose ill treatment he was a daily witness in his rambles about the streets. When he died, with no particular love for his own species, he disposed of his money in harmony with his peculiar views. As these were not in accord with those of his relatives (citizens of France), litigation ensued, which terminated in favor of the proponents, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A solitary man, and devoted to the society of his animal pets, he had possibly remarked how much they had in common with human beings. He must often have observed in the countenances of dogs the same expression seen in those of deaf-mutes endeavoring to give vocal utterance to their thoughts. Moreover, in his frequent rambles about the city he was a witness to the similarity of the justice meted out to human beings of high and low degree, and to dogs of relatively the same position.

On his numerous excursions he had often seen a dog of the tramp species crushed under the wheels of a passing vehicle, a policeman standing by probably congratulating the driver of the same on the accuracy of his aim. The former then, in all likelihood, if of a philanthropic spirit, had seized the still suffering brute by the leg and tossed him into a barrel, and had assisted at the covering of the unhappy dog, still alive, with hot ashes from a neighboring furnace.

Moreover, he had witnessed the results of a similar accident happening to a blanketed canine pet on one of our avenues, the abode of opulence. Then stalwart policemen rushed obsequiously to the rescue; the mangled dog was carefully handled, and placed in the arms of the inevitable maid accompanying a gorgeously attired female, the mistress of the sufferer. Before the arrival of a carriage a painful scene occurs. If the policemen thoroughly understand their business, they will be close at hand, their countenances glowing with sympathy, and in readiness to encircle with their supporting arms the swooning woman. When a coupé driven by a liveried coachman and footman draws up at the curb, the injured animal is carefully placed therein, and, accompanied by the mistress and her maid, escorted home. Distinguished veterinary surgeons are summoned to attend the sufferer. At the rate of five dollars a visit, these expert practitioners protract the convalescence of the patient. Social circles are deeply moved. Cards are showered upon the unhappy owner of the dog, flowers block the hallway in windrows, and about lunch-time troops of sympathizing friends call to offer their personal condolences.

It is possible the tramp dog and the dog of opulence are brothers from the same litter.

BONARD emphasized the faith which was in him by a heavy pecuniary endowment. This is the conventional expression of human earnestness. It is a pity the sum had not been larger; then the society, the recipients of his bounty, might have covered with its protecting shield the much-abused sporting dog.

The recent introduction and almost universal use of the double-barrelled breech-loading shotgun has resulted in a vast increase in the number of those who indulge in field-sports—a form of recreation which a few years since was confined to a comparative few. This influx of incongruous material has not been to the advantage of the *personnel* of the craft. Manufacturers of and dealers in sporting weapons and outfits, dog fanciers and trainers, and the proprietors of sporting papers are those who have profited munificently by the enormously increased interest manifested in gunning. The sufferers have been certain conservative sportsmen, the pot-hunter, and professional gunner, but, above all—the most to be pitied, because the most helpless—the dog.

Where one sportsman is by constitutional habit fit to understand, handle, and sympathize with the animal which contributes so much to his success and pleasure, a vast number are totally unsuited to own a dog, much less use him for the purposes of sport. It is a popular fallacy that all sportsmen love the animals which contribute so essentially to their pleasure. The dog by the fireside of its owner does, indeed, receive a fair amount of considerate care, but once transferred to the field, the intelligent servitor is often the victim of a cruel and inhuman task-master.

Dogs, like men, are of varying temperaments. They are not unlike artists: where five of the latter possess an abnormal facility in their chosen pursuit, five hundred with a taste for art are endowed with but a passable degree of skill. Moreover, the moods of the dog are as susceptible to physical influences as are those of man. To-day he may give unbounded satisfaction to his owner, while to-morrow, for no apparent reason, the tangible conditions being the same, he has apparently become utterly worthless. It is under the last conditions that the genuine and experienced sportsman develops the capacity which is in him. Instead of applying hasty, harsh, and cruel remedies, he seeks by gentle treatment to soothe and inspire the nervous, agitated animal with confidence and courage. The commonplace gunner—the one usually encountered—when dissatisfied with his dog, attacks him with club, boot, or stock of the gun, and mercilessly beats the unhappy "brute." These performers may be seen daily during the shooting season rushing meteor-like from field to field, blowing whistles, and infecting the atmosphere with their harsh, loud, discordant voices, while the air resounds with the howls of tortured canines.

The harvest season of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be the autumn. If Mr. BERGH and his assistants will neglect the city crop during those months, they may reap a richer reward among these inhuman sportsmen. A few heavy fines imposed upon these fellows will either result in a thinning out of these nondescripts or in a mitigation of the cruelties inflicted upon their luckless canines.

A good trainer or breaker in of sporting dogs is as exceptional as a genuine sportsman. Few men are by temperament fitted to undertake the delicate task, and it is a matter of no surprise with those familiar with the cruel methods employed by these gentry to learn that the most successful of breakers in of sporting dogs is a woman. It is, indeed, a lucky dog whose fate places him in the care of one of the gentler sex. There are, scattered here and there, real female philanthropists, who, while not lavishing upon their canine pets an excess of sentimental gush, labor zealously to mitigate the condition of the much-abused animal. Such a one is found in the heroine of the following incident.

In a certain town of a neighboring State there dwells a young lady whose father is of distinguished national reputation. This youthful person has inherited from her gentle parents a disposition which makes her ever restless to perform acts of charity and benevolence. No suffering creature, whether human or brute, ever fails to win her sympathetic pity.

A few years since an ordinance was enacted in that town imposing fines upon dogs found at large in the streets during certain months of the year. This law, more in harmony with the spirit of a superstitious age than that of the present, discriminated between the sexes in the amount to be assessed, the males being classed under a tariff less onerous than that of the females.

On a certain summer morning the young lady, whom we shall call Miss X., was leaving her residence, when she saw four lads approaching, evidently suffering considerable distress of mind, the foremost holding in his arms a very commonplace-looking dog. The evidences of grief on the countenances of the group touched a sympathetic chord in Miss X.'s heart, and she accosted them and inquired the cause of their tribulation.

"Please, miss," said the spokesman—the one having the dog in custody—"please, miss, the pound-master says as how if we don't pay two dollars and eighty cents fine, right off, Fido he'll be drownded sure, and we's tryin' to git the money."

This allusion to the possible fate of the dog, in case no syndicate could be found willing to advance the necessary amount, was followed with a renewed shower of tears on the part of the group, in which the young lady, whose lachrymose fountain is always ready to overflow at the slightest encouragement, hastened to join. Without further questioning she sought her purse, and found she was the possessor of the sum necessary to save Fido from the jaws of death.

The lads went on their way rejoicing, and Miss X., dismissing the subject from her mind, followed in pursuit of her original intentions. On her return, during the afternoon, she again encountered the afflicted group of the morning, the leader still holding in his arms the luckless Fido.

"Please, miss," said the spokesman, as before, "the pound-master says as how if we don't pay seven dollars and eighty cents, the dorg he'll be drownded sure, for he says Fido's a lady dorg, and lady dorgs is heavier fined than gen'leman dorgs."

The disbursements of the day, however, had exhausted her finances, and as her parents were absent, she was sorely perplexed to supply the sum needed to bridge the difference in the tariff on a "lady dorg" and "gen'leman dorg." In the emergency she sought the aid of a powerful advocate, who, moved by her tearful appeal, brought a pressure to bear on the pound-master which caused him in this instance to be blind to the accident of sex, and to stultify his judgment in a professional capacity. The larger fine was remitted, and the lads departed with many professions of an abiding gratitude.

Two weeks later the lads again presented themselves before their benefactress; on this occasion without Fido, but in her place the former spokesman carried in his arms a newspaper parcel. This he handed to Miss X., and the group took their leave as before. Examination of its contents revealed a mass of damp red hair—a gift to the young lady in feeble recognition of her valuable services in extricating Fido from the clutches of the pound-master. It appeared that the mother of the proprietor of the dog was the original owner of this hair, and knowing that auburn locks of a particular shade possessed a considerable commercial value, she had, at the earnest solicitation of her son, permitted her abundant tresses to be shorn and presented to his benefactress. The gift was returned with thanks to the donor by Miss X., with a renewal of the offer of her services whenever a brutal public functionary should be pleased to make invidious distinctions.

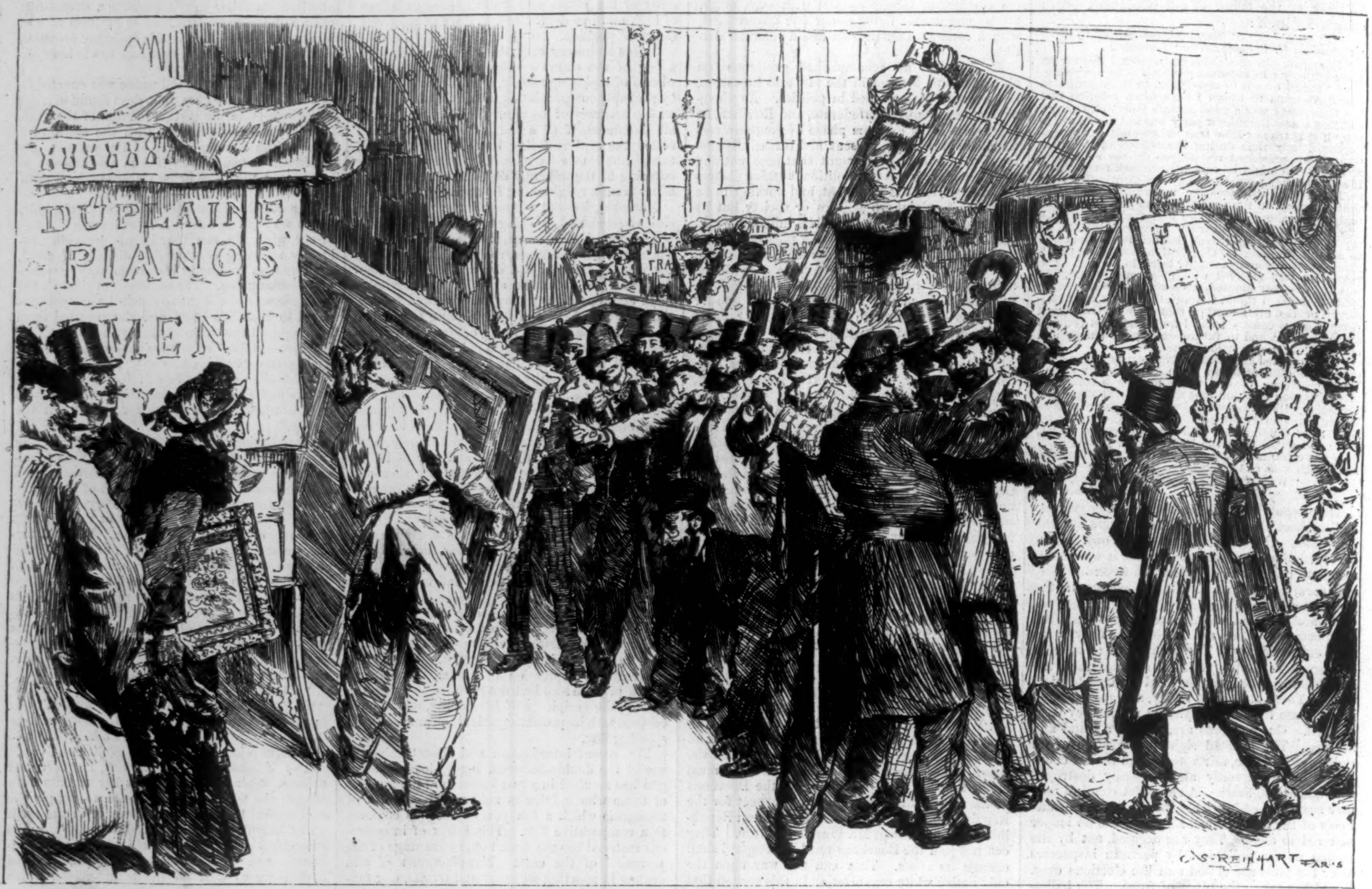
GASTON FAY.

THE PARIS SALON.

ON page 304 we give a spirited sketch by Mr. REINHART, showing the scene that takes place on the last day for receiving pictures for the Paris Salon. This year over 9000 pictures were sent in to pass before the jury, out of which they are to select 2500. The very large pictures are judged separately, but the smaller ones are put in batches upon a large screen, and rolled into the presence of the court. The process is very much similar to the way they have of butchering hogs in Cincinnati. A perfectly fair decision is of course impossible.

Ten days are given for sending pictures in, and everybody sends. The last day is well known here as a thing to live for. Crowds of artists and students surround the wagons bearing the burdens of many a hopeful heart, that perhaps are painted with blood and tears, and give the most unbridled expression to their opinions, such as art critics are usually capable of. If the subject happens to be a badly painted portrait of a young lady, they all begin to simper in a loud voice; if sheep, they begin to bah; and if a religious subject, they fall down upon their knees before it. If a picture happens to be good, or very striking, their applause fills the air, and their hats are raised upon their canes and waved with genuine enthusiasm. One wagon-load after another comes pouring in, and hundreds carry their work in their own hands. Every one who carries a picture into the building may catch a glimpse of the feast.

Last year a great number of the students invested in little chromos of the Virgin and Child, with frame stamped in imitation of gold, and marched into the Salon with them. Once admitted, they took possession, and pulled the pictures about to catch a peep, and in fact played the mischief generally. This year there was a heavy guard placed at the entrance to preserve order, but the guardians of the peace could not resist laughing at the sport.


DUPLAIN
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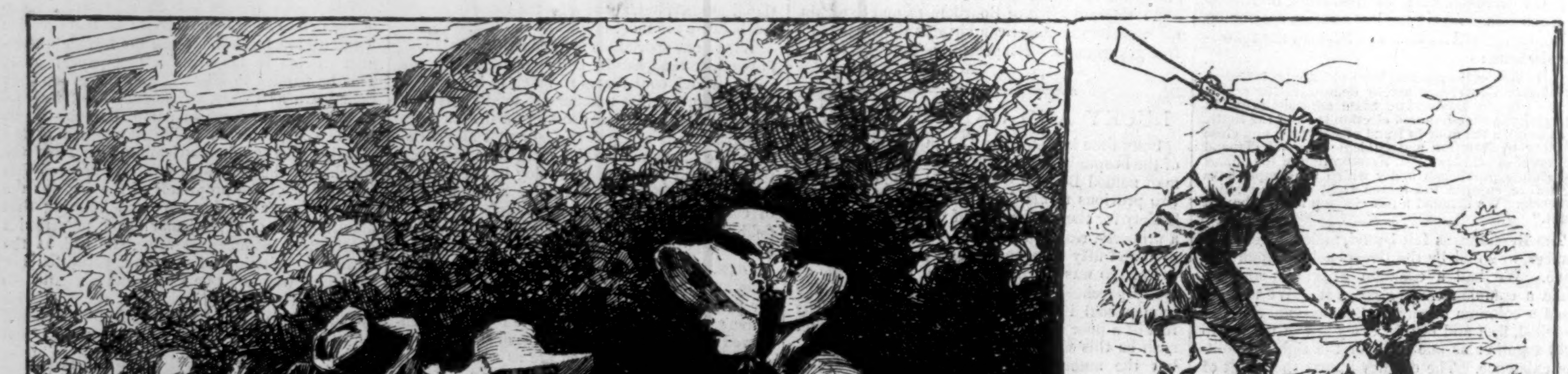
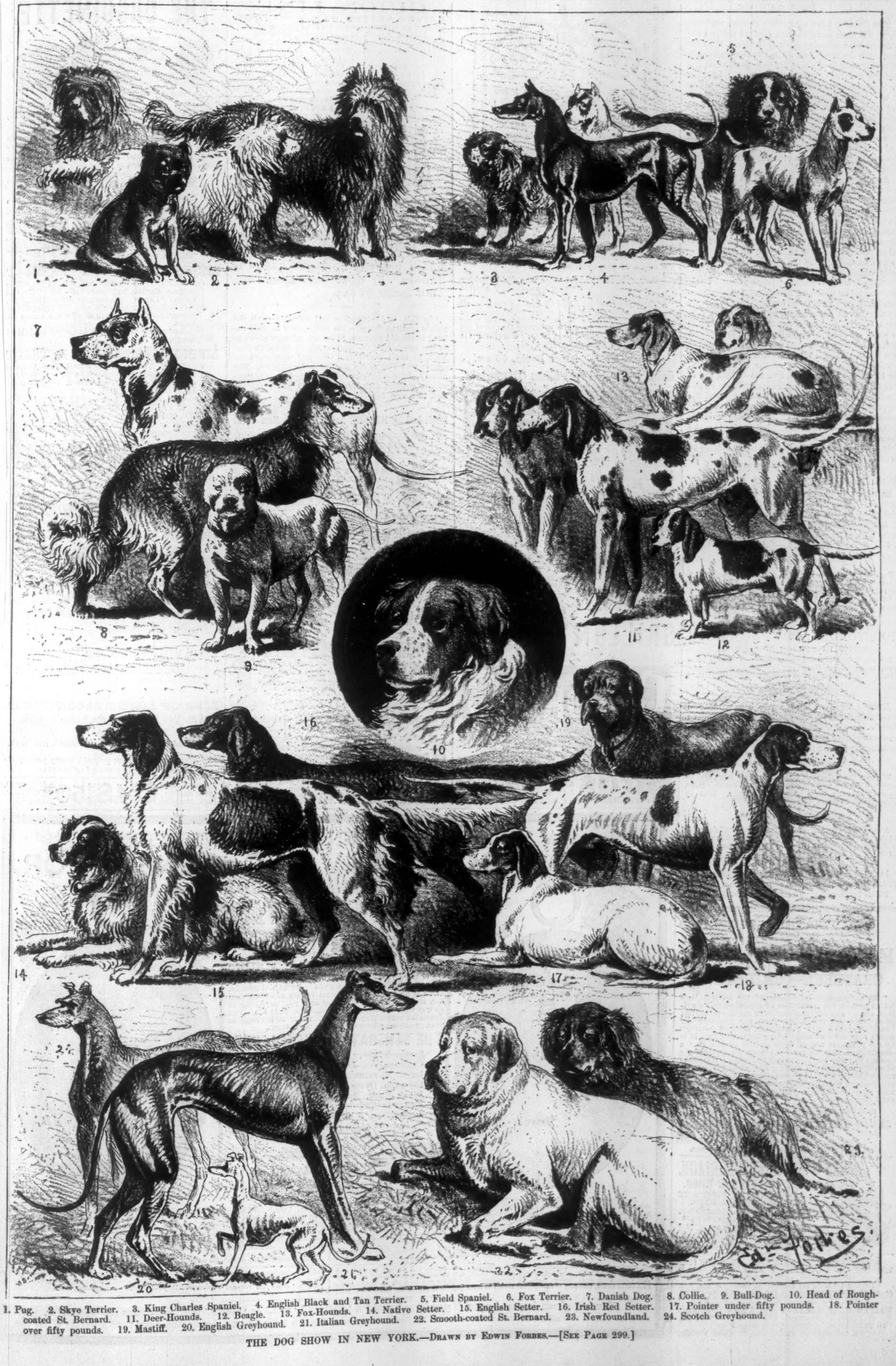
C.S. REINHART PARIS

LAST DAY FOR THE RECEPTION OF PICTURES AT THE PARIS SALON.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 303.]



LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DOGS.—FROM A SKETCH BY GASTON FAY.—[SEE PAGE 303.]



1. Pug. 2. Skye Terrier. 3. King Charles Spaniel. 4. English Black and Tan Terrier. 5. Field Spaniel. 6. Fox Terrier. 7. Danish Dog. 8. Collie. 9. Bull-Dog. 10. Head of Rough-coated St. Bernard. 11. Deer-Hounds. 12. Beagle. 13. Fox-Hounds. 14. Native Setter. 15. English Setter. 16. Irish Red Setter. 17. Pointer under fifty pounds. 18. Pointer over fifty pounds. 19. Mastiff. 20. English Greyhound. 21. Italian Greyhound. 22. Smooth-coated St. Bernard. 23. Newfoundland. 24. Scotch Greyhound.

THE DOG SHOW IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 299.]

CHINESE BABIES.

The Chinese have many very strange superstitions, but none more so than that concerning the demoniacal possession of their babies. If an infant from the time of its birth has frequent spells of crying, and is of a very peevish disposition, the parents conclude at once that Sam Ku Lok Po, as the hobgoblin is called, has taken up its abode in the child, while the baby's true soul is wandering somewhere in space. They thereupon take dried banana skin, burn it to ashes, and mix it with water so as to make a sort of inky compound. The mother now dips her forefinger into the ink and paints a cross on the baby's forehead, with the words, "I paint this cross to drive thee [the demon] away."

Another method of exorcism is to blacken the infant's face. Banana skin does not necessarily form an ingredient this time; any ink will do. The parents wait until the babe is in a sound slumber, when they take the ink and blacken its face, with their fingers—a brush would not be efficacious. In a short time the demon which has taken possession of the child returns, preparatory to its awakening—for the soul wanders from the body during sleep, and is free—and seeing the blackened face, exclaims, "Lawk-a-mercy! this can't be I," or words to that effect, and decamps precipitately. The true soul, which has been waiting for an opportunity, approaches the dormant body. Now is the time for the parents to wash off the ink with all speed; the soul recognizes its true casement, and the babe awakes in a natural state. Woe betide it should not the ink have been washed off at the right moment, for then the true soul will, like the demon, fail to recognize the body, and sorrowfully leave it, and the little one dies in sleep. On account of the supposed possibility of such an occurrence, the parents seldom use this latter method, which is called "the face blackening," but prefer to make the cross on the forehead. Both of these remarkable customs are peculiar to the lower classes of Canton.

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Riker's American Face Powder is a delicate and absolutely harmless toilet article.—*Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal.* Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find Riker's Cream of Roses the most satisfactory article to use.—[*Com.*]

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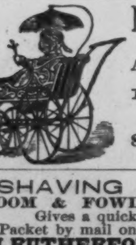

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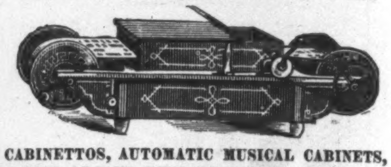

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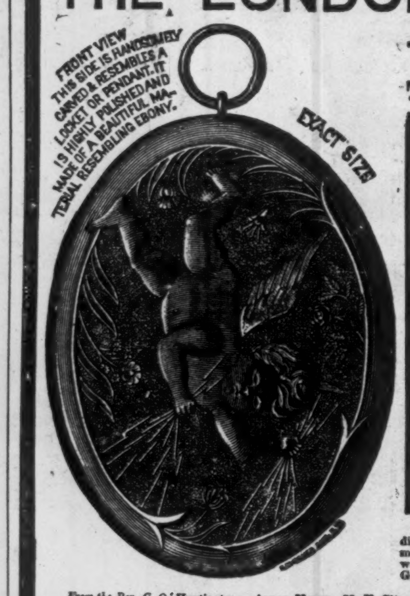
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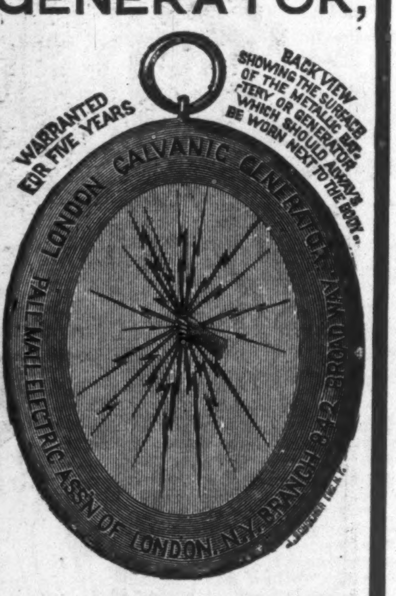
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From a Railroad Contractor;—Boston, Mass., January 28th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex. Inclosed is $3. R. H. Sandford.

From the Rev. C. Q. Huntington:—Astor House, N. Y. City, Thursday.—While visiting your city, attending a meeting of our clergy, I was induced to buy your Generator for indigestion and dyspepsia, from which I have suffered for years. Nothing hitherto tried did me any good; but, believing in electricity, and having found an infallible cure for headache in Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I determined to buy a Generator, which, I am glad to say, relieved me at once, and I now feel entirely cured. I shall lose no opportunity to recommend it, and take this method of thanking you.

[Rev.] C. Q. Huntington.

From a Naval Officer:—Philadelphia, Pa., February 5th, 1881.—Your Generator has proved a blessing to me. I have been a great sufferer from liver trouble and constipation, but am now relieved entirely. I was doubtful at first, as I had tried all sorts of batteries and pads without effect. There is no trouble in wearing it, and it certainly is more agreeable than drugs. E. T. Crawford, U. S. N.

From Major A. H. Townsend:—Chicago, Ill., December 17th, 1880.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Inclosed find $3; please send me two more for a friend.

[Major] A. H. Townsend.

Many more could be printed, did space permit.

Having purchased the sole right to introduce them in America, we will **send them on trial, postpaid, on receipt of $1,** which will be returned, if they fail to relieve after a reasonable time. Inclose 10 cts. for registration. Remittance can be made in Check, Draft, Post Office Order, Currency or Stamps, and should be made payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, No. 842 Broadway, New York** [*Mention this Paper*], or we will send them by Express, C. O. D., with the privilege of opening and examining, but the Express Charges will add considerably to your cost; or ask your Druggist to obtain them for you. Agents wanted in every town.

You have been imposed upon if you have bought a 'Battery,' 'Pad,' or 'Medal,' thinking it was the Generator.

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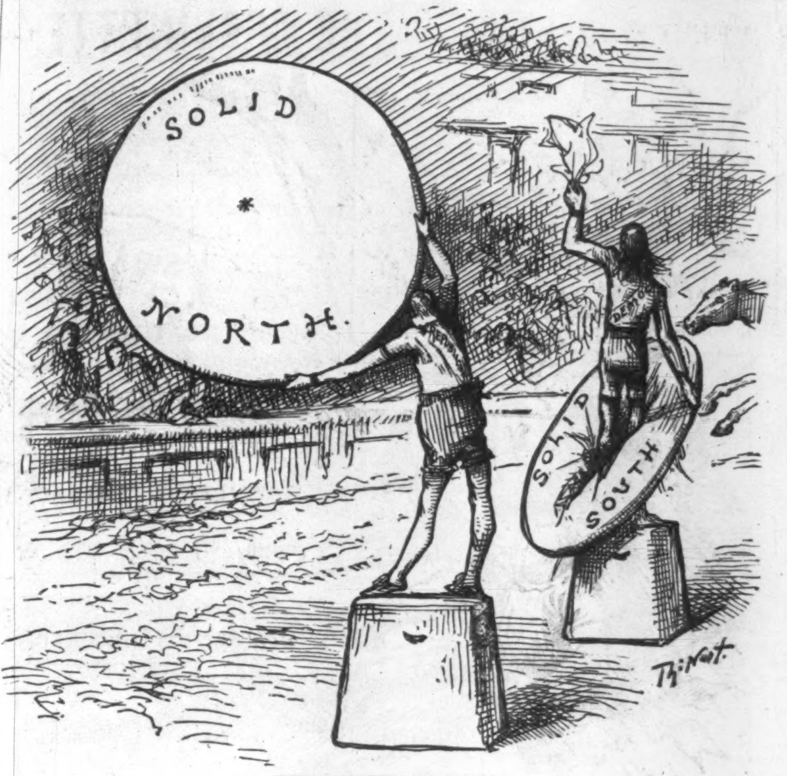
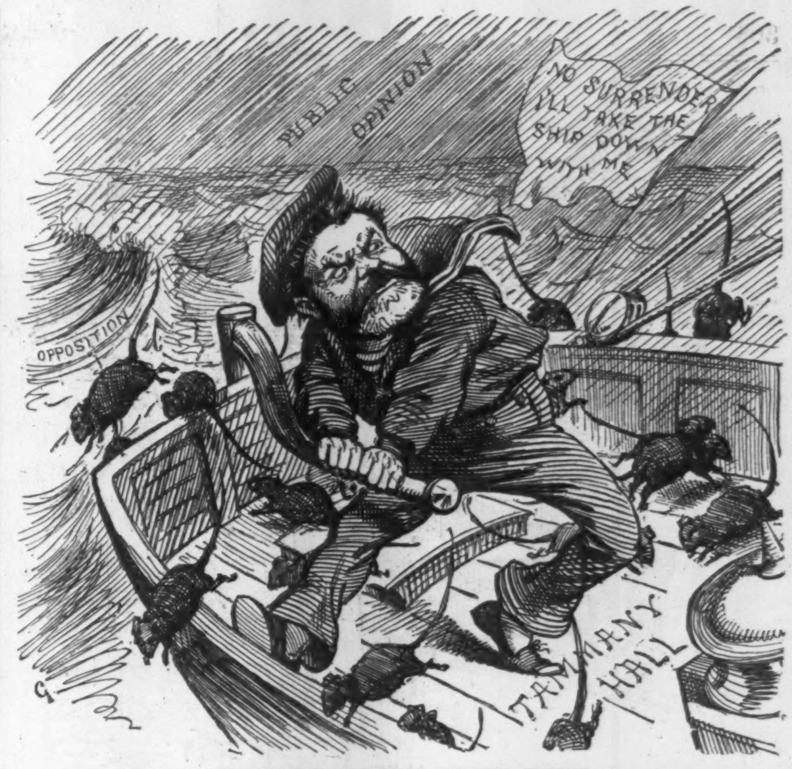

SOLID NORTH.
SOLID SOUTH
Th: Nast.

THE NEXT ROUND.
The circus performances *not* over yet.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